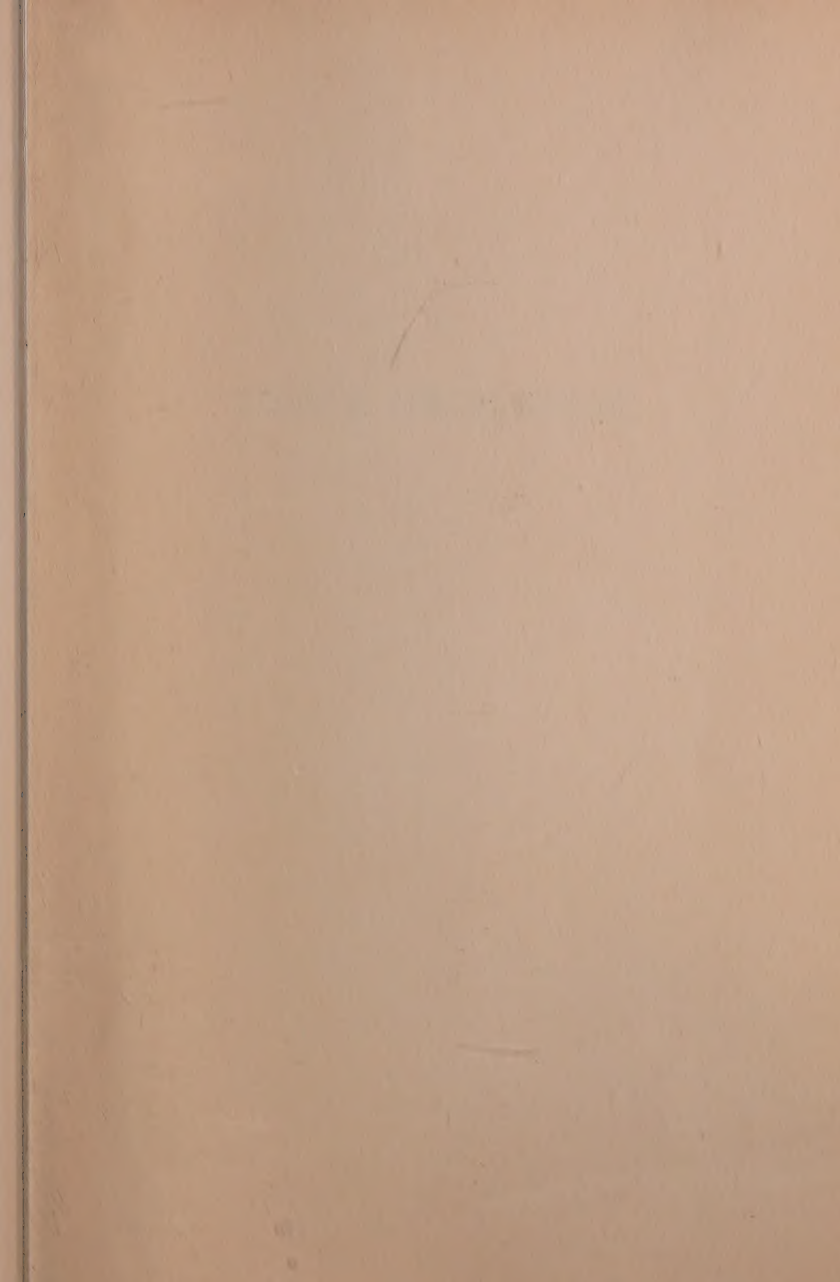


PEACE CRUSADERS

ANNA B. GRISCOM





PEACE CRUSADERS



THE INVINCIBLE LEADER

PEACE CRUSADERS

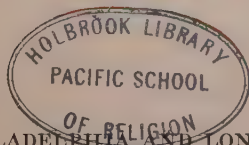
ADVENTURES IN GOODWILL

A BOOK OF RECITATIONS FOR CHILDREN
STORIES—POEMS—ESSAYS

Compiled by
ANNA BASSETT GRISCOM

for

THE AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA



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P R E F A C E

"UPON the teachers of the world rests the responsibility of preparing the children and youth of all nations and races, for lives of mutual goodwill, service and happiness." This statement, given in the Report of the Resolutions Committee of the World Federation of Education Associations, held in Toronto, August, 1927, shows the trend of modern education. In outlining special arrangements for training youth in world amity, Dr. David Starr Jordan says:

"One particularly effective method of inducing thoughtful study of international problems by the youth of the world would be that of a series of competitive orations or discussions."

This book of stories, poems and essays has been compiled to make accessible to parents, teachers and others interested in the training of children along lines of international understanding, material suitable for this purpose. Two age groups have been kept in mind in making these selections; first, children between ten and twelve years, or those in the 4th, 5th and 6th Grades, and, second, those between thirteen and fifteen years of age, or the Junior High School group.

The choice of material was based, primarily, on its effectiveness in presenting to the mind of the child such fundamental ideas as the power of love and goodwill in disarming hatred and suspicion; the effect of fear and armament on security and the peaceful relationships of individuals and nations; the universal response of men of all races and nations to the higher appeal of service, brotherhood and cooperation; the evils of war, and past and present efforts to maintain peace. The literary value of the articles and their suitability for recitation purposes were also kept in mind.

PREFACE

We believe with H. G. Wells that "there will be no peace in the world, no understanding, no trust between the people, while children hate every country but their own." We trust that this book and similar efforts may help to create that attitude of racial and national understanding so essential to the establishment of justice, cooperation and peace among the nations.

We desire to express our appreciation to the authors of the articles written especially for the book; to the authors and publishers who so generously have permitted the use of copyright material, and to those who have criticized the manuscript. We are also indebted to Marion T. Justice for the contribution of a number of the illustrations.

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A FOREWORD TO BOYS AND GIRLS

A MODERN CRUSADE

WILBUR K. THOMAS¹

A LONG time ago, in the year 1212, thousands of boys, following the example of their parents, went on a Holy Crusade. They started out from Central Europe to capture Jerusalem and drive the Mohammedans out of the Holy Land. History tells us that they were unsuccessful and that all perished by shipwreck or were sold into slavery.

Who, with red blood in his veins, does not wish to be a crusader? Who would not respond to the call to leave home and friends and go out to do valiant deeds? Anyone would go if the cause were worthwhile. Often we look back upon such great adventures and wish that we could have had a part in them.

But, the day of crusades is not over. One is being organized now that will be greater and of far more value than any in the past. It calls for the spirit of adventure and heroism for all who dare to take part in it. It is a Crusade against War.

When war breaks out it is the young people who are killed. Older people do the planning; the young make the supreme sacrifice. The world is just beginning to realize that young people have a right to say that war shall be no more. Will they have the courage and moral stamina to banish it from the face of the earth? The time has come when they can enlist in such a great Crusade.

Years ago when the children went on the Crusade to the Holy Land they were armed with bows and arrows, slingshots and clubs. People who go to war today, arm themselves

¹ Executive Secretary, American Friends Service Committee.

FOREWORD

with battleships, guns, liquid fire, poison gas, and develop a spirit of suspicion, fear and hatred. Crusaders for peace are arming themselves with weapons of fair play, goodwill, friendship, the spirit of brotherhood and love. These are the most powerful forces that exist in the world today.

Since the Great World War broke out in 1914, many young people have been enlisting in this Crusade. During the war they refused to fight, and spent their time in giving out food and clothes to all who were made to suffer. In France, homes were built for those whose homes had been destroyed. Seeds, tools, chickens, rabbits and medicines were distributed to those who were in greatest need. Hospitals were erected for the sick. As soon as the war was over they went into Germany and Austria and fed the millions of hungry children whom war is supposed to protect, but never does. In Russia and Poland they fed the starving and fought disease. Several of them died while they were in this service.

The work was supported by gifts of money and food from thousands of men and women in England and America who were in sympathy with this service. Their symbol was the red and black star which you see on the title page of this book. The Committee in the United States, through which this work was carried on, is called the American Friends Service Committee (Quakers).

This same Committee now calls upon you to enlist in the great Crusade for Peace. You can help our country become the greatest factor for peace in the world. If war broke out our Government would ask you to offer your life as a supreme sacrifice—we ask you to live for your country and for your fellowmen. Enlist now in this great Crusade for Peace.

STORIES



THE INVINCIBLE LEADER¹

"TELL me a story about when you were a great soldier. Tell me about one of the battles you won," said a little boy to his grandfather.

The old man had been a colonel in the Austrian army for many years and could recount fierce tales of conquest by his troops. But today he shook his head as he took the boy upon his knee.

"I will tell you, instead," he said, "of the greatest battle I ever lost, which was won by braver men than mine."

The little boy was astonished, for he thought that his grandfather's soldiers were the bravest in the world. So he listened eagerly.

"I was commanded," the old colonel began, "to march against a little town in the Tyrol and lay siege to it. We had been meeting stubborn resistance in that part of the country, but we felt that we should win because all of the advantages were on our side. My confidence, however, was arrested by a remark from a prisoner we had taken. 'You will never take that town,' he said, 'for they have an Invincible Leader.'"

"What does the fellow mean?" I inquired of one of my staff. "And who is this leader of whom he speaks?"

"Nobody seemed able to answer my question, and so in case there should be some truth in the report, I doubled preparations.

"As we descended through the pass in the Alps, I saw with surprise that the cattle were still grazing in the valley and that women and children—yes, and even men—were working in the fields.

¹ The outline of this story is told in "Letters to the Boston Courier" by Lydia Maria Child, and retold in "Christian non-Resistance" by Adin Ballou, in "The Arm of God" by Dunkerby and in "The Children's Story Garden" copyright, 1920, by J. B. Lippincott Company.

The setting is imaginary but the principal events are true.

“‘Either they are not expecting us, or this is a trap to catch us,’ I thought to myself. As we drew nearer the town we passed people on the road. They smiled and greeted us with a friendly word, and then went on their way. So friendly was their attitude toward us, and so different from the usual reception given us, that my soldiers forgot they were under discipline and returned the greeting.

“Finally we reached the town and clattered up the cobble-paved streets—colors flying, horns sounding a challenge, arms in readiness. The forge of the blacksmith shop was glowing, and the smith left it to stand in the door with a number of others to watch us pass. Suddenly he waved to one of my soldiers and I heard him exclaim, ‘I knew that fellow when we were boys together at Innsbruck!’

“Women came to the windows or doorways with little babies in their arms. Some of them looked startled and held the babies closer, then went quietly on with their household tasks without panic or confusion. As for the boys—little fellows like you, my son,” the old man cuddled the boy in his arms; “they made us feel as though we were taking part in a glorious parade for their special amusement. They swarmed after us, whooping with delight and asking innumerable questions about the weapons we carried. Apparently they had never seen guns and swords before.

“It was impossible to keep strict discipline, and I began to feel rather foolish. My soldiers answered the questions of the children, and I saw one old warrior throw a kiss to a little golden-haired tot on a doorstep. ‘Just the size of my Lisa,’ he muttered.

“Still no sign of an ambush. We rode straight to the open square on which faced the town hall. Here, if anywhere, resistance was to be expected. This is what we found. The door of the beautiful old building was wide open. Pigeons flew up from the grass around the fountain as we approached.

No cannon or barricade was in sight, and my regiment, as it poured into the square, looked out of place.

"Just as I had reached the hall and my guard was drawn up at attention, an old white-haired man, who by his insignia I surmised to be the mayor, stepped forth, followed by ten men in simple peasants' costume. They were all dignified and unabashed by the armed force before them—the most terrible soldiers of the great army of Austria."

"And what did this old man say, in the face of your guns and your cannon?" asked the little boy breathlessly.

"He walked down the steps, straight to my horse's side, and with hand extended, cried, 'Welcome, brother!' One of my aides made a gesture as if to strike him down with his sword, but I saw by the face of the old mayor that this was no trick on his part.

" 'Where are your soldiers?' I demanded.

" 'Soldiers? Why, don't you know we have none!' he replied in wonderment, as though I had said, 'Where are your giants?' or 'Where are your dwarfs?'

" 'But we have come to take the town.'

" 'Well, no one will stop you.'

" 'Are there none here to fight?'

"At this question, the old man's face lit up with a rare smile that I will always remember. Often afterwards, when engaged in bloody warfare, I would suddenly see that man's smile—and somehow, I came to hate my business. His words were simply :

" 'No, there is no one here to fight. We have chosen Christ for our Leader, and he taught men another way.' "

"What did you do then, grandfather?" asked the little boy eagerly.

"Do you know, son," the old soldier answered, "there seemed nothing left for us to do but to ride away, leaving the town unmolested. It was impossible to take it. If I had ordered my soldiers to fire on those smiling men, women and

children, I knew they would not have obeyed me. Even military discipline has its limits. Could I command the grisly soldier to shoot down the child who reminded him of his Lisa? I reported to headquarters that the town had offered unassailable resistance, although this admission injured my military reputation. But I was right. We had literally been conquered by these simple folk who followed implicitly the leadership of Jesus Christ."

A TALE OF THREE KINGDOMS THAT WERE ¹

LUCILE GULLIVER

ONCE in the long-ago of the world, when the nations were younger and when fewer deeds of war had blackened heaven's eternal record books of human life, there were three kings, three wise and happy kings, and they were friends. And their kingdoms, known as the kingdom of Thulie, South Thulie, and Thulie-Toward-The-Sea, were also wise and happy and also friends. In the Valley of Peace these kingdoms lay, with high mountains round about, and through the valley flowed a river, wide and beautiful, a pure and limpid blessing to all birds and beasts, all green things and all men. Like the fresh air and the sunlight, the river had no favorites among the kingdom; it watered all equally—Thulie on its North bank, South Thulie on its South bank, and farther down the valley, Thulie-Toward-The-Sea. Indeed the river was the very life of the kingdoms, their joy, their helpmate. Mothers rinsed great washings in its clear, cold waters; children played about the little coves it cut into the land, sailing frail craft of wood or bark from shore to shore with many a merry shout. . . .

Friendship in that valley knew no boundaries; men, women and little children lived and loved as if they were one great family. . . .

When little Timon the bold grew up and became a great and important man in the kingdom of Thulie-Toward-The Sea . . . he wished to see over and beyond the mountains, to learn where the river found the sea, what kind of men were there and particularly what kind of fish, for he was a fisherman by trade.

So he went away and was gone a long time, and sad was

¹ Reprinted from "Never Again," Everyland Publishing Company.

the day of his going because he brought back from the outer world a little thought which he believed to be most precious yet which really proved a thought of poison to all the valley. He told it first to his family, and then he told it to the king and counselors, and then to his special friends in the village and on the river. And each time he told it, he put his finger to his lip and said, "Sh! Let no one outside our kingdom know. They might get ahead of us." A strange remark for one who dwelt in the Valley of Peace where all were friends.

And would you too, know the secret? Then listen to Timon's words as he stood before his king.

"They do not trust each other out there, your highness," he said, pointing to the world beyond the hills, "as we do here in the valley. They say that they know better, that they have learned by sad experience that nations often break their good faith and promises and turn enemies, and that we also will learn this in time."

"I cannot think of Thulie and South Thulie as our enemies," said the king.

"Nor I," said Timon. "My wife was born in Thulie and her mother in South Thulie. But what has happened elsewhere, your highness, I suppose may happen in our valley. They say you can never tell when trouble will break out. Why, what would your highness do if Thulie or South Thulie should change the course of the river so that it would not flow through our Kingdom, or if they should poison the waters as they pass our land."

"I do not know," said the king stirring. "I have never thought of such things."

"They say it is well to think of all such things, your highness," said Timon, bowing humbly.

"All such things? And then what would they advise us to do?"

"To arm, your highness."

"To arm? There is no war."

"Ah, no," smiled Timon, "not now. But a country must be prepared."

"I see," said the king as if feeling about in his mind. "One must be on the safe side."

"Exactly so, your highness."

"Had you other news, Timon?" asked the king.

"No, sir," said the fisherman, "only more of the same matter." And bowing, he passed out into the hall and home.

"I wonder if this fellow speaks wisely," mused the King. . . .

So Thulie-Toward-The-Sea prepared, according to the wisdom of the world beyond the hills, built forts along the river, placed sentries on the kingdom's borders, armed all her hale and hearty men.

And the people of Thulie and South Thulie, watching with alarm, cried, "What does this mean? Have they enemies?" But no one could give them answer. . . . "The people of Thulie-Toward-The-Sea trust the people of Thulie no more. Can we then trust them? Who can tell but they may play some trick, if they think we are not friends? Perhaps they may try to block our precious river so that we can no longer sail up and down the valley as before. . . . We, too, must come to this war business. It is evident that Thulie-Toward-The-Sea means some harm or why should she arm?"

So Thulie, like her sister kingdom in the Valley of Peace, made herself ready to meet some future foe. She called together her sons from the fields and river, and gave them weapons, and she hired a general from the outer world to teach them how to aim, attack and kill. . . .

A dark night without a star, shut in the valley, and the soldiers of each kingdom, ever watching for some trouble or some trick, said, "This is the night we must be on our guard. Let us creep down the river. Who can tell what we may find?"

Slowly and noiselessly they formed and made their way

along the valley, three lines of silent sons and fathers, all eyes to see, all ears to hear in the inky blackness. And so as they neared the river where the kingdoms join, each band heard clanking and the sound of feet.

“Ha!” they gasped. “It is as we expected; they are here.”

With a cry of exultation they rushed forward and fell upon each other like wild beasts . . . these one-time friends of a happy valley. All night long they fought and surged, all night long they groaned and fell, and all night long the river went by upon its way as it had done for generations. When dawn came down the hills, the men of Thulie, South Thulie and Thulie-Toward-The-Sea were stretched upon the fields, many of them stark dead, and their women folk came, and fainting, bore their bodies home. . . .

Some strangers in the valley are said to have asked why the kingdom, once so friendly, should have come to such an end. And it is said that the old man always murmured, “It was something about the river—no one knew just what.”

A SPARK NEGLECTED BURNS THE HOUSE¹

LEO TOLSTOY

THERE once lived in Russia a peasant named Ivan Stcherbakof. He was the best worker in the village, had three sons all able to work, his wife was a thrifty woman and they had a quiet and hard-working daughter-in-law. They had only one idle mouth to feed; that of Ivan's old father, who had been lying ill on the top of the great brick oven for seven years. Ivan had all he needed, three horses and a colt, a cow with a calf, and fifteen sheep. So he and his children might have lived quite comfortably had it not been for a quarrel with his next-door neighbor, Limping Gabriel, the son of Gordey Ivanof.

As long as old Gordey was alive the peasants lived as neighbors should. If the women wanted a sieve or a tub, or the men a sack, they sent to the other house. Such things as locking up barns and outhouses, or hiding things from one another, were never thought of.

When the sons came to be at the head of the families, everything changed. It all began about a trifle. Ivan's daughter-in-law, Sonia, had a hen that every day laid an egg in the cart. But one day the hen flew across into Gabriel's yard and laid its egg there. When Sonia went over, Gabriel's mother asked:

"What do you want, young woman?"

"Why, you see, my hen flew across this morning. Did not she lay an egg here?"

"We never saw anything of it. We collect our own eggs. And we don't go looking for eggs in other people's yards, lass!"

¹ Abridged from *Twenty-Three Tales*. Translated by L. and A. Maude. By permission of the Oxford University Press.

The young woman was offended, and answered sharply. The women began abusing each other. Ivan's wife joined in; Gabriel's wife rushed out; then a general uproar commenced. Gabriel, returning from the fields, stopped to take his wife's part. Ivan and his son rushed out; and finally Ivan pulled a hand-full of hair out of Gabriel's beard. Thus the quarrel began, and from this a feud grew.

Ivan's old father tried to persuade them to make peace, saying, "It's a stupid thing, children, picking quarrels about an egg. The children may have taken it—well, what matter? God sends enough for all. And suppose your neighbor did say an unkind word; show her how to say a better one! If there *has* been a fight—well, we're all sinners, so make it up. If you nurse your anger it will be worse for you yourselves."

Ivan began to think his father was right, but at this moment the women came into the house, telling of more quarreling. Then Ivan's heart grew cold again and he gave up the thought of making peace. Late that evening he went the rounds of his farm, to see whether anything was in danger. As he reached the far corner of the shed he saw something flare up for a moment near the plough; and he clearly saw a man, crouching down, lighting a bunch of straw he held in his hand. The thatch flared up at the eaves, and standing beneath them, Gabriel's whole figure was clearly visible.

"Now I'll have him," thought Ivan, and, paying no attention to the fire now blazing furiously, he rushed at Gabriel. The latter fled; Ivan followed, and was about to seize him, when Gabriel, seizing up an oak beam, struck Ivan down and stunned him.

When he came to his senses Gabriel was no longer there. Ivan saw that his back shed was all ablaze; flames and smoke and bits of burning straw mixed with the smoke were being driven towards his hut. "What is this," cried Ivan, still half dazed, "why, all I had to do was just to snatch it out from under the eaves and trample on it! Then the fire would

never have got started." Before he could get to the fire, the hut was aflame. Nothing could be done; after Ivan's house, Gabriel's also caught fire; then, the wind rising, the flames spread to the other side of the street and half the village was burnt down.

Ivan barely managed to save his old father; the family escaped in what they had on; and everything else was lost, even the grain in the granaries. Ivan kept repeating, "One need only to have pulled it out and trampled on it."

In the morning his old father sent for him. "Who has burnt down the village?" began the old man.

"It was Gabriel, father, I saw him."

"Ivan, I am dying. You in your turn will have to face death. Now, before God, say whose is the sin?"

Only then Ivan came to his senses and understood it all. He answered simply, "Mine, father." Then he fell on his knees before his father, saying, "Forgive me; I am guilty before you and before God."

The old man cried, "Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!—What must you do now?"

Ivan was weeping. "I don't know how we are to live now, father!" he said.

The old man smiled faintly. "If you obey God's will, you'll manage!—Mind, Ivan! Don't tell who started the fire! Hide another man's sin, and God will forgive two of yours!" and, closing his eyes, the old man sighed, stretched out, and died.

Ivan did not say anything against Gabriel, and no one knew what had caused the fire. At first Gabriel felt afraid, but after a while he got used to it. The men left off quarrelling and then their families left off also. While rebuilding their huts, both families lived in one; and when the village was rebuilt, Ivan and Gabriel built next to each other and lived as good neighbors should. Ivan remembered his old

father's command to quench a fire at the first spark. If any one does him an injury he now tries, not to revenge himself, but rather to set matters right.

And Ivan has got on his feet again, and now lives better even than he did before.

COALS OF FIRE¹

GUY MORGAN had inherited from his father a hot temper. One day he came into the house with an ominous look in his eyes, glanced up quickly at his mother for an instant, and exclaimed: "I've done something for you, mother, that I wouldn't do for any one else. I've taken a blow without returning it."

"Oh! tell me about it, Guy!"

"It was all Dick Osgood's fault. I told him he'd got to quit nagging the younger boys, and that made him mad, and he struck me in the face. I guess the mark of his claws is there now."

"Oh! Guy, what did you do?"

"I didn't strike him, mother. I remembered what I'd promised you for this year. He shouted out '*coward*' after me. Now you've got to let me off my promise, mother. I am going back to thrash him."

"Better heap coals of fire on his head," she said quietly.

"Yes! he deserves a good scorching!" said Guy, pretending to misunderstand her.

"No! you know what kind of coals I mean. 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing ye shall heap coals of fire on his head.' Try it, Guy. I can't let you off your promise."

"Well, I promised you, and I'll stick to my word," said Guy slowly, "but you don't know how tough it is."

On the last day of school a picnic was given on the banks of the Quassit River. All the school went, and with Dick Osgood was his little sister Hetty. After dinner on the grass,

¹ Abridged from *Bed-Time Stories*. Copyright, 1873, 1901, by Louise Chandler Moulton. Little, Brown & Company.

the boys and girls scattered in different directions, picking flowers, playing baseball, and fishing off the banks.

Suddenly a wild cry rose above the sultry stillness of the summer afternoon—Dick Osgood's cry: "Hetty's in the river, and I can't swim. Oh, save her, save her!"

Before the words left his lips, all saw Guy Morgan running. He unbuttoned coat and vest as he ran and threw himself over into the water. He went under, rose again, and struck out toward the golden head that rose for the second time.

Mr. Sharp, the head teacher, got a rope, and running down the bank, threw it out on the water just above the falls. The water was deep where Hetty had fallen, and the river ran fast, sweeping her on. When she rose for the third time, she was near the falls. A moment more and she would go over. But that third time Guy Morgan caught her by her long glistening hair. Mr. Sharp shouted to him. He saw the rope and swam toward it, his right arm beating the water, his left motionless, holding his white burden.

A moment more and he reached the rope, clung to it, and the boys and teacher drew the two in over the slippery edge, out of the seething waters. Both were unconscious, but Guy was the first to revive.

"Is Hetty safe?" was his first question.

"Only God knows," Mr. Sharp answered solemnly. "We are doing our best."

It was almost half an hour more before Hetty opened her eyes. Dick, who had been utterly frantic, was beside himself with joy.

Mr. Sharp drove Guy Morgan home, but he got out at the gate for fear his mother would be alarmed by seeing any one helping him.

"Where have you been?" she cried, seeing his wet, disordered plight.

“In Quassit River, mother, fishing out Hetty Osgood. I went in after the coals of fire.”

Mrs. Morgan's laugh was a glad one. “I've heard of people smart enough to set the river on fire,” she said, “but you're the first one I ever knew who went in after the coals.”

HOW JACK'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT WENT OVER SEAS¹

(A TRUE STORY)

ANNA L. CURTIS

THIS story began in the winter of 1924, just before Jack's ninth birthday. He was looking at the newspaper one day, and he found some pictures of children so thin and hungry looking that it hurt him to see them. He read what the paper said, and found that they were German boys and girls, and that a great many of them had not had enough to eat since they were born.

The moment his father came home that night, Jack ran to him, to ask if this were really true. But his father only said, "Yes, I presume so; but we needn't worry about it. Those Germans brought their trouble upon themselves. Let them take care of their own children."

Jack did not say anything for a moment. Then he began: "Papa, you know it's my birthday pretty soon. I shall be nine years old."

"Yes," said his father, "I have been wondering what such a big boy would like for a present."

"I want you to send five dollars for me to two German children. Please don't say 'no,' because I'm the only little boy you have, and I haven't any mamma. I want you to send it to two children who haven't any father to take care of them, as I have—half for a boy who isn't nine years old yet, and half to a girl who isn't nine yet; and I want each of them to have a quarter of a dollar to spend just exactly as they like."

Jack's father still looked very doubtful.

¹Reprinted from *Junior Joys*, Nazarene Publishing House.

"Please, Papa. The children didn't fight the war any more than I did."

Nobody said anything then for a long minute, and when father did speak, his voice sounded very queer, Jack thought. But all he said was, "Very well, Jack. You shall have your birthday present, just exactly as you want it."

After Jack had gone to bed that night, his father wrote a long, long letter to the American Ambassador in Germany; and the next morning with Jack watching at his elbow, he made out a check for five dollars, and they put the check in with the letter, and sent it off.



In Berlin, a large city of Germany, there is an open-air hospital for sick children, of all ages. Late one afternoon in the middle of the winter, the lady in charge of the children—Sister Clara, they called her—came out to them as they played about, or lay on their cots in the sun. With her was another lady, "Auntie Lorenz," who came from the office of the Quakers, who were giving many thousands of hungry German children a cup of cocoa and a roll each day. They watched the children a moment, and then Sister Clara beckoned to one of the little girls.

"Ursule," she said, "How old are you?"

"I shall be nine in two months," said Ursule.

"Good," said Sister Clara, "When your mother comes for you tonight please tell her that I want to talk with you both."

Then she beckoned to a little boy named Hans, and said to him just what she had said to Ursule. Hans was just eight and a half years old, and Ursule wondered what their age had to do with it, and why they two were the only ones that the Sister wanted. She was very glad to see her thin, tired-faced mother coming across the field a few minutes later. Since her father died, mother had had to work very hard, and even

so, she and her sister never had quite enough to eat or wear. Hans's mother, just as thin and tired looking (his father was dead, too) came close behind, and they all four went to Sister Clara together.

Aunty Lorenz was still there, and smiled at them as they came. Then she began to tell a wonderful fairy tale, as it seemed to little Ursule and Hans. There was a boy in far off, beautiful America who wanted to help a German boy and girl. And because he was not quite nine years old, but had a father to take care of him, he wanted his gift to go to children who were not quite nine, and who had no fathers. That was his birthday present, and they, Hans and Ursule, had been chosen to receive it.

The story ended, and Aunty Lorenz took a handful of money out of her handbag. "You are each to have a mark,¹ to spend just exactly as you please," she said, and put a fresh, new piece of money into each little hand. The children stared at each other, and gasped. A whole mark to spend just as they liked! And now she was giving nine marks to each of their mothers for them. What a wonderful boy that must be, to be able to send such riches to them!

"And now, Hans and Ursule," Aunty Lorenz was saying, "I am coming back again next week, and I want you to tell me what you do with your money. Jack will want to know."

As the children went out, after thanking her again and again, Aunty Lorenz looked at Sister Clara and laughed. "They will spend it for candy, of course."

"Of course," said Sister Clara.

Next week, however, it was Aunty Lorenz's turn to be surprised. "Well, Ursule, how did you spend your mark?" she asked.

"Please, Aunty Lorenz, I gave it to Gretchen. Her father is dead, too, and she is just as poor as I am; but she is over nine. And I had so much and she had nothing."

¹ A mark is a piece of German money worth about twenty-five cents.

“And Hans, did you buy candy with your money?”

“No,” he answered apologetically. “You see, Ernst couldn’t have the present because his father isn’t dead. But he has been sick for a long time and can’t earn anything. Ernst is just as poor as I am, and so I gave him my mark.”

Aunty Lorenz hastily said good-bye to the children. Her face was very happy, but they saw tears in her eyes, and they wondered why.

THE QUAILS¹

A LEGEND OF THE JATAKA

ELLA LYMAN CABOT

AGES ago a flock of more than a thousand quails lived in a forest in India. They would have been happy, but that they were in great dread of their enemy, the quail-catcher. He used to imitate the call of the quail, and when they gathered together in answer to it, he threw a great net over them, stuffed them into his basket, and carried them away to be sold.

Now one of these quails was very wise, and he said: "Brothers, I've thought of a good plan. In future as soon as the fowler throws his net over us, let each one put his head through a mesh in the net and then all lift together and fly away with it. When we have flown far enough, we can let the net drop on a thorn bush and escape from under it."

All agreed to the plan, and the next day, when the fowler threw his net, the birds all lifted it together in the very way that the wise quail had told them, threw it on a thorn bush and escaped. While the fowler tried to free his net from the thorns, it grew dark, and he had to go home.

This happened many days, till at last the fowler's wife grew angry and asked her husband: "Why is it that you never catch any more quail?"

Then the fowler said: "The trouble is that all the birds work together and help one another. If they would only quarrel, I could catch them fast enough."

A few days later, one of the quails accidentally trod on the head of one of his brothers as they alighted on the feeding ground.

¹ Reprinted from "Ethics for Children," Houghton Mifflin Company.

“Who trod on my head?” angrily inquired the quail who was hurt.

“Don’t be angry, I didn’t mean to tread on you,” said the first quail.

But the brother quail went on quarreling, and pretty soon he declared: “I lifted all the weight of the net; you didn’t help at all.”

That made the first quail angry, and before long all were drawn into the dispute. Then the fowler saw his chance. He imitated the cry of the quail and cast his net over those who came together. They were still boasting and quarreling, and they did not help each other lift the net. So the hunter lifted the net himself and crammed them into the basket. But the wise quail gathered his friends together and flew far away, for he knew that quarrels are the root of misfortune.

A RIDE TOWARD WAR PAINT¹

"BY SUNDOWN we should be within sight of the Indian village," said Caleb Pusey as the six men on horseback descended the rough trail and came out in the glare of the afternoon sun. Below them spread a wide Pennsylvania valley, as yet untouched with a plow, for this was in the early days of the colony, long before the Revolutionary War.

"It lies just beyond yonder line of trees, does it not?" asked a younger man, James West, pointing down the valley.

Caleb nodded gravely. All the men looked extremely serious as in silence they guided their horses among the loose rocks and around fallen trees. Then one man spoke:

"Caleb, who was it brought the word to our settlement of the Indian uprising? You know I was not present last night when the Councillors met."

"It was old Red Wing's squaw. They were always most friendly to whites. She came into the village late in the afternoon and stopped the first man she met, who happened to be the blacksmith. From his forge the news spread like fire, and I have never seen such panic. It was said five hundred, nay a thousand, Indian warriors were gathering for battle—their faces were painted—their drums were beating—at any moment they would be upon us! Forgotten were the wise counsels of William Penn and the long, unbroken peace with our red brothers. The talk was all of arming and marching against the Indians before they could reach us. Our settlers have never had arms—nor needed them. Now they must be procured! The Council was called for immediate action."

¹ A true story. The name of Caleb Pusey is authentic. The other names are fictitious. From "Children's Story Garden," copyright, 1920, by J. B. Lippincott Company.

"Ah, I wish you had heard Caleb at that meeting!" cried James West with boyish enthusiasm. "In the midst of the argument of the Councillors as to where guns could be procured, Caleb rose and his eyes shone like coals—"

"It was my heart that burned with shame for my people," murmured Caleb.

James continued eagerly, "He cried in a voice that silenced their frantic bickerings, 'I will go to the place where the Indians are said to be gathering, if the Council will appoint five others to go with me unarmed.' The Council protested. They said it would be but a living sacrifice. The six men would be surely murdered. Caleb declared that as long as we were unarmed and unafraid, we were safe, as we always had been."

Caleb took the story up. "James, here, was at my side in an instant. These other good friends expressed their approval and willingness to go. I knew that I could depend on you. So the Council could not well refuse to allow us to depart on our errand, though they had little faith. I do not doubt, myself, that when we talk to the Indian chiefs we can discover the trouble and put matters right."

The others nodded. Still each man realized, in spite of these cheery words, that they were running a grave risk. Indians when once aroused, do not listen to argument. The hearts of the six white men beat faster as at last they came within sight of the tepees of the Indian village.

A few yellow curs barked shrilly and two little brown children playing on the edge of the woods, ran away and peeped at the strangers from behind trees. There was no sign of life. Most of the wigwams were closed as if deserted. From the peak of one, larger than the rest and near the center of the field, rose a lazy curl of smoke. The men rode to it. An old Indian, evidently the chief, lay on a pile of skins outside the open flaps, peacefully smoking a carved red-clay pipe. He rose slowly and stood courteously before the white men. They dismounted, and Caleb offered the Indian his hand,

which the old man shook warmly, inquiring in broken English, "What can an old chief do for his paleface friends?"

The thought crossed James West's mind that perhaps this was a trap, perhaps the warriors were all hidden ready to spring out upon them, or had already departed to attack the settlement of whites. Almost breathlessly he waited for the chief's answer when Caleb Pusey asked, carelessly:

"Your tepees seem empty, Chief. Where are your young men and maidens?"

The Chief waved his hand toward the forest beyond the valley.

"For three days my men have been hunting deer far away to the north. The women, old and young, are working in the fields beyond the river. What could my people do for the strangers?"

The sincerity of the old man's desire to be friendly was so evident that the white men were embarrassed and ashamed to have to explain their errand.

"The truth is that a false report reached the ears of the white settlers, and we were sent to determine whether it could be true," Caleb began. "An Indian woman told us that the tribes were rising against us."

The Chief stepped back as though he had been struck, his eyes blazing with anger.

"It is false!" he cried. "That woman should be burned to death, for she might have made much mischief! We have no quarrel with the white men."

THE PEACE PIPE ¹

FRANCES M. DADMUN

THIS is a story told of days long ago, when there was not a white man in America. Only Indians lived here, but they were many; and their tribes were like the nations of to-day, living apart, sometimes friendly, often hating each other, quarreling and fighting. But there was one great Being to whom the Indians all alike looked as we look to God the Father, who made us and cares for us. They named him Manito, and they called him the Master of Life.

It is said that one day, the Master of Life came down to the great Red Pipe-Stone Quarry, on the edge of the Mountains of the Prairie. A river flowed from under his feet, plunged over the precipice, and then followed the course through the meadows which Manito marked out for it with his fore-finger. He watched it a moment, as it rippled against the grass, and then he stood straight and looked out over the prairies, where all was not well with his people. Because he could see very far and hear the slightest sound, he knew that the Indians were preparing for war and that the clear river would be stained with the blood of dying men and perhaps of little children.

The Master of Life stooped then and broke a fragment of red rock from the quarry. He moulded it into a pipe-head; and because he loved beautiful things and always did everything well, he carved it with raised figures. He broke a long reed from the edge of the river, and used it for the stem of the pipe. He filled the bowl with bark from the red willow. Be-

¹ Adapted from the "Song of Hiawatha" by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. From "Children of the Father," copyright, 1916, by The Beacon Press, Inc.

fore he was able to light the pipe, he breathed upon the boughs of the forest until they rubbed together and burst into flame.

A thin, dark line of smoke rose from the pipe; it widened into a dense, blue cloud; it unfolded in snow-white masses over the tree-tops; it touched heaven itself. All over the wide prairie the tribes saw it, and knew that they were being called to the mountains by Manito, the Master of Life.

They came just as they were, all the tribes, red in their war-paint, bristling with angry feathers, eyeing each other narrowly, but waiting until after the council with Manito before they could fight each other. For when the Master of Life called, they went without stopping to attend to other business.

The Master of Life stood on the edge of the quarry and looked down upon them. He was sorry, for he loved them all, as a father loves his children; and their quarrels seemed to him like the quarrels which we sometimes have with each other. If they would live in peace, their quarrels would pass, as ours do; but if they killed each other, it would be too late.

Manito stretched out his right hand, and spoke to them.

“O my children! my poor children!
Listen to the words of warning,
From the lips of the Great Spirit,
From the Master of Life, who made you.

“I have given you lands to hunt in,
I have given you streams to fish in,
I have given you bear and bison,
I have given you roe and reindeer,
Filled the marshes full of wild-fowl,
Filled the river full of fishes;
Why then are you not contented?
Why then will you hunt each other?

“I am weary of your quarrels,
Weary of your wars and bloodshed;

All your strength is in your union,
All your danger is in discord;
Therefore be at peace henceforward,
And as brothers live together.

“Bathe now in the stream before you,
Wash the war-paint from your faces,
Wash the blood-stains from your fingers,
Bury your war-clubs and your weapons,
Break the red stone from this quarry,
Mould and make it into Peace-Pipes,
Take the reeds that grow beside you,
Deck them with your brightest feathers,
Smoke the calumet together,
And as brothers live henceforward!”

The Indian Warriors threw down their weapons, and leaped to the river. Manito looked at it. On the side toward the mountains it was still clear as crystal; beyond, it was darkened, but with war-paint, not with the blood of men.

The warriors came up from the river clean. Then they buried their weapons on its banks. Silently, they broke the red stone from the quarry and moulded it into Peace-Pipes. They broke reeds from the banks of the river and decked them with their brightest feathers. And as they smoked, they promised each other to forget their quarrels and live in peace.

Manito, the Master of Life, smiled upon them; then he vanished from sight in rolling clouds of smoke. But the tribes rode homeward side by side, and there was no more war.

FIERCE FEATHERS¹

L. VIOLET HODGKIN

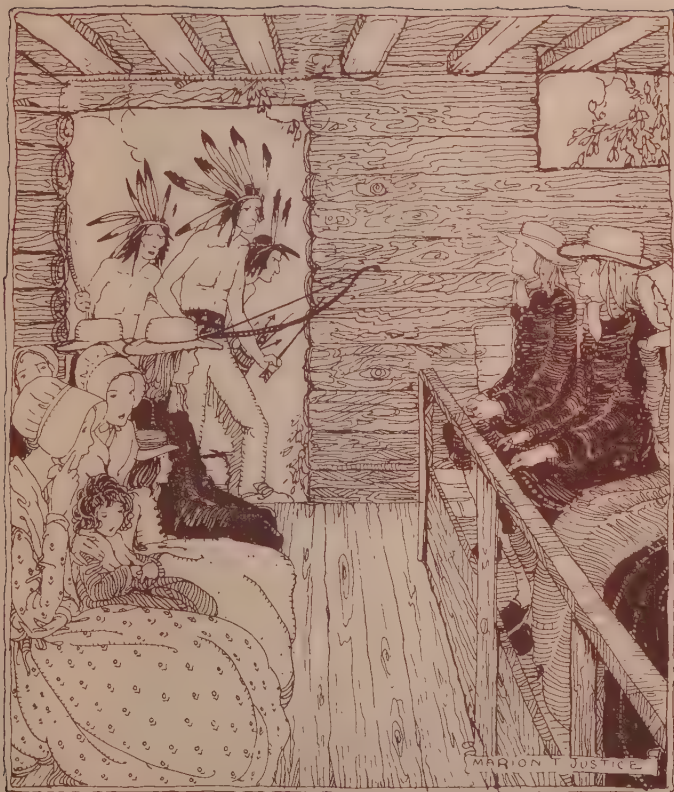
THE sunlight lay in patches on the steep roof of the Meeting-house of Easton Township, in the County of Saratoga, in the State of New York. It was a bright summer morning in the year 1775. The children of Easton Township liked their wooden house, although it was made only of rough-hewn logs nailed hastily together, in order to provide some sort of shelter for the Friends in their Meetings for Worship.

As yet, there were no glass windows in the log house; only open spaces with wooden shutters which could be closed, if necessary, during a summer storm. Another larger, open space at one end of the building would be closed by a door when the cold weather came. Meanwhile, the boys and girls could look right out into the woods. For the untamed wilderness lay on all sides round the new settlement of Easton.

At the head of the Meeting sat Friend Zebulon Hoxie, the grandfather of most of the children who were present. By his side sat that day a stranger Friend whom the children had never seen. They had heard that his name was Robert Nisbet, and that he had just arrived, after having walked for two days through the wilderness country to sit with Friends at New Easton at their mid-week Meeting.

Presently Robert Nisbet rose to speak. He lingered over his text as though the words were dear to him. "The Beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by Him. He shall cover them all the day long." He continued, more lightly, though gravely still: "You have done well, dear Friends, to stay on valiantly in your homes, when all your neighbors have fled; and therefore are these messages sent to you by me.

¹ Abridged by Anna L. Curtis from a true story in "A Book of Quaker Saints," by L. Violet Hodgkin, The Macmillan Company.



These promises of covering and of shelter are truly meant for you. Make them your own, and you shall not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day."

The boys and girls on the low benches under the gallery looked at one another. Now they knew what had brought the stranger! He had heard of the danger that threatened the little clearing of settlers in the woods. For it was just before the outbreak of the Revolution and war parties from both sides had already distressed that part of the country. The American Government was unable to protect the scattered log houses, and had directed the people to go to the larger settlements. All had obeyed, except the handful of Friends.

"You did well, Friends," the speaker continued. "You said to the authorities, in all courtesy and charity, 'You are clear of us, for you have warned us,' and you have stayed on in your homes to carry out your accustomed work. The report of your courage and faith has reached us at East Hoosack, and the Lord hath charged me to come on foot through the wilderness country these thirty miles to meet with you to-day, and to bear to you these two messages from Him, 'The Beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by him,' and 'He shall cover thee all the day long.'"

As the speaker's voice ceased, little Susannah Hoxie's head, which had been drooping lower and lower, found a resting-place at last, in her mother's lap. On the other seat her brother, Benjamin Hoxie, was thinking of the stranger's sermon.

"He said it was a valiant thing to do, to stop on here when all the neighbors have left. I didn't know Friends could do valiant things. But if a scouting party really did come, then even a Quaker boy might have a chance to show that he is not necessarily a coward because he does not fight."

Benjamin's eyes strayed out of the open window. It was very hot and still in the Meeting-house. Yet the bushes cer-

tainly were trembling. How strange that there should be a breeze there, and hot here!—And then, suddenly, he saw feathers—three, five, seven, nine, sticking up in a row. Another instant, and a dark-skinned face, an evil face, appeared beneath them, looking over the sill. An Indian chief was staring in at their Meeting-house window, showing his teeth in a cruel grin. In his hand he held a sheaf of arrows, poisoned arrows, only too ready to fly, and kill, by day.

The next instant he stood in the open doorway, a naked brown figure, in full war-paint and feathers, looking with piercing eyes at each man Friend in turn as if one of them must have weapons that he sought. But the Friends were entirely unarmed. There was not a gun, or a rifle, or a sword to be found in any of their dwelling-houses, so there could not be any in their peaceful Meeting.

A minute later, a dozen other Redskins equally terrible, stood beside the Chief, and the bushes trembled no longer. It was Benjamin who found it hard not to tremble now, as he saw thirteen sharp arrows taken from their quivers by thirteen skinny brown hands, and their notches held taut to thirteen bow-strings, all ready to shoot. Yet the Friends sat on, without stirring, in complete silence.

But when Benjamin looked at his grandfather, he saw him gazing full at the Chief who had first appeared. The Indian's flashing eyes under matted black eyebrows, gazed back fiercely into the Quaker's calm blue eyes beneath the high white brow and snowy hair. No word was spoken, but in silence two powers opposed each other—the power of hate, and the power of love. For steady friendliness to his stranger visitors was written in every line of Zebulon Hoxie's face.

And then, slowly the Indian's eyes fell. He glanced round the Meeting-house with a look that nothing could escape. Then he signed to his followers. Thirteen arrows were noiselessly replaced in thirteen quivers, thirteen bows were rested against the wall. Many footsteps, lighter than falling snow,

crossed the floor; the Indian Chief, unarmed, sat himself down in the nearest seat, with his followers in all their war-paint, but also unarmed, close around him.

The Meeting did not stop. It continued—one of the strangest Friends' Meetings that was ever held. The Meeting continued, and increased in solemnity and power; for a brooding Presence, clearer than the sunlight, filled the bright room.

At last, when the accustomed hour of worship was ended, the two Friends at the head of the Meeting shook hands solemnly. Old Zebulon Hoxie advanced to the Indian Chief, and with signs invited him and his followers to come to his house close at hand. With signs they accepted.

The Friends put bread and cheese on the table, and invited the strange guests to help themselves. They did so, thanking them with signs, as they knew little or no English. Their Chief alone spoke some broken English, with many gestures to make his meaning clear.

"Indian come White Man House," he said, pointing toward the Settlement around them. "Indian want kill white man, one, two, three, all!" and he clutched the tomahawk at his belt. "Indian come, see White Man sit in house; no gun, no arrow, no knife; all quiet, all still, worshipping Great Spirit. Great Spirit inside Indian too,"—and he pointed to his breast; "then Great Spirit say 'Indian! No kill them!'"

With these words the Chief took a white feather from one of his arrows, and stuck it firmly over the roof. "Indians friends," he said. "All Indians friends when see white feather."

A moment later the strange guests had disappeared as noiselessly as they had come.

"The Beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety by Him. He shall cover him all the day long."

THE LATCHSTRING¹

"WELL, perhaps we ought at least to bar our door, for the sake of the children." Mary Tyler spoke reluctantly, and there was a note of uncertainty in her voice.

"Perhaps so," replied James Tyler. "It seems to me every man within five miles has upbraided me for not protecting my children."

Mary glanced with troubled eyes at the face of her husband, as they sat before the fire in their little cabin. She knew that he, too, was living over the uncertain days since the outbreak of the war. Time and again there had been reports that the British soldiers had incited the Indians to burn the cabins of the settlers and massacre whole families. Despite these reports, the Tylers had lived, as before, on friendly terms with their neighbors, both Indians and white men. When massacres had occurred in nearby settlements, they had still continued to leave out the latchstring, that leather thong which enabled a person outside the door to lift the latch and enter.

The Tylers had trusted entirely to the protection of their Heavenly Father, and had refused to arm themselves, or even to lock their door. Now they had reliable assurance that the Indians were coming to destroy their settlement. Neighbors urged that they had no right to imperil the lives of their children by such foolhardiness—that they should protect themselves.

"But is it really protection?" Mary queried, as now they sat alone in their cabin.

"At least," responded James, "we shall be doing what most people consider safest."

For what seemed a long time, they sat gazing at the fire.

¹ All of the important events are true. Names of characters are fictitious.

The silence was broken only by the moaning of the wind in the pine trees and the crackling of the logs on the hearth. For the first time in all the dark days, Mary felt afraid. She stirred uneasily and cast a furtive glance around the shadowy room. James rose and lighted a candle. He crossed the room and stood for a moment uncertainly beside the outside door. Then, with a deep sigh, he pulled in the leather thong, fastened the latch securely, and prepared for bed.

All night James tossed restlessly. Every time one of the children stirred, or a branch scraped the roof, he would start violently, and fall back unnerved. He tried to calm himself by repeating verses from the Bible, but instead of the usual comfort, the words only brought a challenge to his excited brain. "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" "Take the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked."

"Mary," he whispered at last, "art thou awake?"

"Yes, James," she replied, "for I have not slept. I have tried to pray, and always the answer has been, 'Behold the Lord's hand is not shortened that it can not save.'"

"Thou art right, Mary, the Lord's hand is not shortened and we did wrong to pull in the latchstring. Shall we put our trust entirely in Him?"

"Aye, James, I should feel much safer so," she replied.

Quickly James stepped to the door and pulled the leather thong through to the outside. Then he lay down again and both enjoyed such a sense of peace and security as they had not felt for hours. Suddenly, just as they were about to drop off to sleep, they heard a blood-curdling war-whoop. A few seconds later the moccasined footsteps of several men passed the window and stopped in front of the door. The latch clicked and the door swung open. By the dim light from the embers on the hearth, James could see seven Indians in full war paint. They motioned and talked to each other and then silently pulled the door to and disappeared into the night.

In the morning, when James and Mary looked out of their door, they saw only the smoking ruins of their neighbors' cabins.

Years later, when the war was over, the government of the United States appointed James Tyler as a representative to an Indian conference. One day he told this story to all those assembled. In reply, an Indian arose and said: "I was one of those Indians. We crept up in night. We meant to burn and kill. We found the latchstring out. We said, 'No burn this house. No kill these people. They do us no harm. They trust Great Spirit.' "



HOW A DOLL SAVED A WAR¹

W. EVANS DARBY

THERE was great uneasiness in the fort, and the general was pacing up and down in his room, while he pondered what to do. The Apache Indians had broken from their reservation and were advancing in full war-paint to the attack.

It was easy enough for the little company in the fort to defeat the Indians if there should be a fight, but the general's orders were to avoid war and yet keep the Indians within their own bounds. As he paced about he thought he heard the crying of a child.

He went out and found a crowd of soldiers gathered about a four-year-old Indian papoose, who had evidently strayed from her tribe. The general himself picked up the frightened little mite in his arms and took her to his own quarters for a comfortable meal.

Hours passed and the general became uneasy. He had ex-

¹ Used by permission of the Peace Society, London.

pected the mother to come and claim the child. As it grew dark the papoose grew restless and lonely, and finally broke into the sobbing cry peculiar to the little Indians.

"She misses her mother as much, I suppose, as though she were a white child," said the general. "I must find some way to comfort her."

One of the officers told him that his little girl in the fort had a doll.

"The very thing," said the general, and forthwith went in person to the officer's little daughter to ask her to lend the doll for a few hours.

Generous little Mary, owner of the doll, when she heard of the crying little Indian child, insisted upon giving up the doll to the papoose to keep for her very own.

Soon the general placed the beautiful doll in the little papoose's arms.

At once she stopped crying and went quickly to sleep with the precious dolly clasped close.

A week passed and no mother appeared to claim the little straggler; but the child passed the time happily with her new toy, and did not seem to mind.

Finally it was decided to carry the little one back to the wigwams of her people since they did not come to her.

Tightly clasping her new treasure, the child was carried to the Indians and left with them. They were greatly excited about the beautiful doll, none of them ever having seen such a thing before.

Next day the Indian mother appeared at the fort with the doll in her arms, not believing it possible that the toy had really been given to her people. The soldiers were careful to treat her well, giving her a plentiful meal and some gifts besides the doll, to take back to her people.

This kindness on the part of the soldiers so touched the tribe that they gave up preparations for battle, and returned without a struggle to the reservation. The doll had saved a war.

DIE MÜTTER¹

MADELEINE Z. DOTY

THE sky was a soft, shining blue. The air was still. The warmth of summer brooded over the land. But no bird's song broke the stillness. No bees fluttered over flowers. The earth lay torn and bare. In deep brown furrows of the earth, hundreds of restless men lay or knelt or stood.

The land was vibrant with living silence. But now and again a gigantic roar broke the tense stillness. . . . It was after such a mighty blast that a great winged object came speeding from the north. . . . Like a great eagle it seemed about to rush to earth. But as it hung suspended, another whirring monster flew swiftly from the south. It winged its way above its rival, then turning, plunged downward. . . . For a few wild moments they rushed at one another. Then the whirring bird with wings of white rose high, turned back, and plunged again upon that other whose wings had huge, black crosses.

It missed its prey, but there came a cracking sound. A puff of smoke, like a hot breath, burst from the creature of the iron crosses. It shuddered, dropped, turned, and fell head down. With sweeping curves the pursuer also came to earth. A lean, young Englishman sprang from the whirring engine. His body quivered with excitement. He sped with running feet to the broken object lying on the ground. He knelt by the twisted mass. It was still and motionless. He gently pulled the body out. A fair young German lay before him. A deep gash in the head showed where a blow had brought instant death. The body was straight and supple, the features clear cut and clean. A boy's face with frank and fear-

¹Abridged from "Short Rations" by Madeleine Zabriskie Doty; published by The Century Co.

less brow looked up at the young Englishman. The eyes held no malice. They were full of shocked surprise. The brown-haired lad felt the lifeless heart. A piece of cardboard met his fingers. He pulled it from the coat pocket. It was a picture—a picture of a woman—a woman with gray hair and kindly eyes, a mother whose face bore lines of patient suffering. Scrawled beneath the portrait in boyish hand were the words, "Meine Mutter."

A sob choked the young Englishman. Tenderly he gathered the lifeless form in his strong arms. Then he rose and walked unheeding across the open field of battle. But no angry bullet pelted after those young figures. The men in the trenches saw and understood. Behind the lines the boy laid his burden down. Taking paper and pencil from his pocket and placing the little picture before him, he began to write.

When he had finished he placed the letter and portrait in a carefully directed envelope. Then walking hurriedly to his machine he prepared for flight. Soon he was whirring low over the enemy trenches. Leaning out, he dropped his missile. The cannons roared, but no rifle was turned on that bright figure. Instinctively, men knew his deed was one of mercy. As the little paper fluttered downward it was picked up by eager soldier hands. A little cheer broke from a hundred throats. Willing messengers passed it to the rear. Speedily it went on its way.

Twenty-four hours later a mother with pale face and trembling hands fingered the white scrap of paper. Her unseeing eyes gazed out on a smiling landscape. . . . But she saw nothing. Her baby boy was dead. . . . The third and last son had been exacted. Her fingers touched the letter in her lap. Her eyes fell on the penciled words. Slowly they took meaning. This boy who wrote: He'd seen the beauty of her son. He'd lifted the dear body in his arms. His heart was torn by anguish. What was it he said:

" 'It's your son. I know you can't forgive me for I killed

him. But I want you to know he didn't suffer. The end came quickly. He was very brave. He must also have been very good. He had your picture in his pocket. I am sending it back, though I should like to keep it. I suppose I am his enemy, yet, I don't feel so at all. I'd give my life to have him back. I didn't think of him or you when I shot at his machine. He was an enemy spying out our men. . . . I fired. It was over in a second. Just a blow on the head as the machine crashed to earth. His face shows no suffering, only excitement. His eyes are bright and fearless. I know you must have loved him. My mother died when I was quite a little boy. But I know what she would have felt if I had been killed. War isn't fair to women. God! how I wish it were over. It is a nightmare. I feel if I just touched your boy, he'd wake and we'd be friends. I know his body must be dear to you. I will take care of it and mark his grave with a little cross. After the war you may want to take him home.

"For the first time, I'm almost glad my mother isn't living. She could not have borne what I have done. My own heart is heavy. I felt it was my duty. Yet now when I see your son lifeless before me and hold your picture in my hand, it all seems wrong. The world is dark. O Mother, be my mother just a little too, and tell me what to do.—Hugh.' "

Slowly great tears rolled down the woman's cheeks. What was this monster that was smashing men? Her boy and this other, they were the same. No hate was in their hearts. They suffered—the whole world suffered. . . . Why must such suffering be? Was she to blame? There was the English lad without a mother. She had not thought of him and others like him. Her home, her sons, her Fatherland, these had been sufficient. But each life hangs on every other. Motherhood is universal.

Suddenly she knew what to write. What she must say to that grief-stricken English boy. Quickly her hand penned the words:

“Dear Lad: There is nothing to forgive. I see you as you are—your troubled goodness. I feel you coming to me like a little boy astounded at having done ill when you meant well. You seem my son. I am glad your hands cared for my other boy. I had rather you than any other touched his earthly body. He was my youngest. I think you saw his fineness. I know the torture of your heart since you have slain him. To women brotherhood is a reality. For all men are our sons. That makes war a monster that brother must slay brother. Yet perhaps women more than men have been to blame for this world war. We did not think of the world’s children, our children. The baby hands that clutched our breast were so sweet, we forgot the hundred other baby hands stretched out to us. But the Earth does not forget, she mothers all. And now my heart aches with repentance. I long to take you in my arms and lay your head upon my breast to make you feel through me your kinship with all the earth. Help me, my son, I need you. Be your vision, my vision. Spread the dream of oneness and love throughout the land. When the war is over come to me. I am waiting for you—Deine Mutter.”

THE MEETING ¹

JOSEPH FOLLIET

IT WAS the reign of fire and thirst. A great torpid heat hung over the lines, lulled the fury of the mitrailleuses and muffled the thunder of the big guns. In the relentless blue of the sky occasional bursting shells left only wisps of smoke. And the clay of Artois, that thick, permeable clay, always thirsty, got more and more dry and white until it became impalpable dust to be lifted by the lightest breeze, and sifted into eyes and mouths and noses, more irritating than a swarm of gnats.

The sector was calm just then and the men sought shade by digging shelters in the communicating trenches, or burying themselves in dugouts. There was enough wine and alcohol, but it was water that was lacking. The men soon drained their canteens of the last drop of tepid liquid. Their palates dried up, and felt cracked and covered with dust; their tongues became thick and clumsy; their pulses beat furiously; their temples throbbed.

In the little valley that was No Man's Land, between the French and German lines, a spring flowed cool and clean from a bed of rocks by a group of scarred and blackened trunks that had once been poplars. The water could be seen from the trenches as it left its shelter and flowed out into the open, a tranquil brook. It was like the torment of Tantalus. So much had thirst excited the soldiers' minds that they imagined they could hear it babbling over the stones. It was a terrible temptation to try to get some, but to yield meant death. Whoever dared to show himself above the parapet would stop ten bullets. But in the middle of the night, when darkness

¹ Reprinted from *High School Service*, courtesy of the American Junior Red Cross.

dimmed the eyes of the sentries, parties started from both sides, and half walking, half crawling, made their way down to the stream, every sense alert for the clink of a canteen or the click of a bayonet. Finally, by tacit consent, a truce was established, whereby the two sides never met. The French took their turn and the Germans theirs.

But sometimes, when a sector was relieved, the soldiers forgot to leave the password for the newcomers and the two parties would meet at the spring. Then there would be silent bayonet encounters and each side would return with a wounded comrade or two instead of with water.

One day activity started up again. The firing was furious all along the sector; volley followed volley. That night the French Corporal asked for a patrol to go out for water, but nobody answered. Finally, after argument and curses, a little soldier volunteered, one always cheerful and willing to be useful, and very brave. Fastening a dozen canteens to his shoulders and waist so that they would not bump against each other, he jumped over the parapet and slipped off.

It was a noiseless night. The poilu could walk erect, scarcely needing to conceal himself. Sometimes he would kick against a stone or stumble in a hole, catch himself and grumble under his breath. Suddenly he bent lower as he caught the faint gleam of the water not far ahead. He drew his automatic and leveled it in case of need. Slowly he went forward. Then his heart almost stopped. On the other side of the stream he saw a shadow, a gray shadow with a round cap, a German. It was lucky, he thought, that he had his gun ready. Carefully he took aim and was about to draw the trigger when something stopped him. He lowered his gun and during this second of reflection, the German became aware of him. He, in his turn, made ready for a fight, a water can in one hand, a leveled revolver in the other. The two men looked at each other, each drawn taut, his senses keyed to

the highest pitch. Then suddenly inspired, the German put up his gun and calmly began to draw water. The Frenchman, astonished, hesitated an instant only, then did likewise.

Their canteens filled, the two men looked at each other again, without hate, stupefied by this truce accomplished in spite of their own wills. The poilu could not leave without a polite word. He waved his hand. "Au revoir, mon vieux. You're a brave fellow."

The German seemed to understand. He smiled as he replied, "Wasser, Wasser, gut . . ."

"L'eau?"

"Ja, ja . . . Friede ist gut."

"La paix? Ah, oui."

A ray of light gleamed in each soul. Another smile, another wave of the hand, and the men went back again, each to his own side.

* * * * *

August, 1926

BIERVILLE! Bierville! By the whole carloads, young Germans arrive to attend the International Peace Conference. They march along in groups, bare-headed, their shirts open at the throat, their clothes simple but full of color. Violins and guitars accompany their singing.

At the gate of the chateau a man stands waiting to welcome them. It is the little poilu. He listens absent-mindedly to their brisk marching song. Then abruptly his eye lights up as he focuses on one of the men approaching. Surely he knows him, but how? For a minute he is confused and bewildered. Then memories come flooding back. That night—the spring—the meeting—their talk. It is he!

The German, too, has been watching attentively and the same thing has been going on in his head. Such memories are not easily forgotten. But how strange! Drawn together

once by war, here they are now bound by peace. Once again the two men stand gazing at each other. A great joy, not far removed from tears, takes possession of them, and without a word they clasp each other in their arms.

THE HOUSE THAT LOVE BUILT¹

WHEN the war came to the little villages in northern France, the old men, the women and children had to take what things they could carry, and go far away, leaving their homes, their farms, and most of their belongings. The strong men could not help them for they were all in the army.

After many months, the people came back to their village again. But they scarcely knew their homes, for the shells had torn off the roofs and knocked great holes in the walls. Not a house in the whole village had escaped.

Little Jeanne was seven years old. She was a brave girl, who had helped her mother during the long journey. She helped her now to try to make a hut where they could keep dry and warm in the corner of their old home, now ruined by the war. It was hard and discouraging; the rain fell steadily, and found all the cracks in the poor hut. Little Jeanne kept cheerful in spite of all the discomfort.

One day some quiet men in gray clothes came into the village, bringing wood to build little houses. The men seemed kind, though they did not talk French very well and it was hard to understand them. Gradually the people learned that the men clad in gray had come from England and America to try to heal the wounds of war, and to help the people who suffered. These men would not fight, but would do all they could to repair the damage done by the fighting. They were called Quakers, and on the sleeves of their coats they wore a red and black star.

Jeanne was very much interested in these newcomers, and watched and listened all she could. She heard the neighbors say that the Quakers were building houses for all who needed

¹ A true story adapted from a Report of the Friends' Reconstruction Unit in France.

them; and that the people were paying what they could. She thought about it for a long time, and one day she went to the tall, smiling man who was the leader, and whispered to him, "Sir, my mamma needs a house so much! Our shed leaks in the rain. See, I have six sous. Can you build mamma a house? I will pay my six sous."

The tall man smiled, thought for a few minutes, and said, "Yes, Jeanne, I think we can build your mamma a house."

Jeanne was bubbling over with excitement. And when the auto truck really came to her mamma's old house and unloaded the lumber, she danced with joy. In a very short time the house was built and ready, and Jeanne and her mamma moved in with the few things they had saved. It was much better than the leaky, cold shed. Life seemed more hopeful when the fire crackled in the little stove, and they were warm and dry again.

Next day Jeanne went to look for the tall man with the star on his sleeve whom she had first asked about the house, and gave him the six sous she had so carefully saved. He took the coins, counted them, and handed back two. "It will not cost as much as we thought," he told her. "You can have two sous for something else. We built the house to show you that we love you, and to help you to love us. In this way you and we will learn to love each other, and we will never need to fight. Remember that love is better than fighting. If you do that, you can pay us for the house better than you could with money."

BRIDGING THE RHINE¹

ANNA L. CURTIS

IN THE YEAR 1921 an International Peace Congress was organized by Marc Sangnier, a member of the French Chamber of Deputies, and was attended by a mere handful of devoted lovers of peace. The sixth meeting of the annual series was held at Bierville, about forty miles from Paris, during the month of August, 1926. The fifth Congress, at Luxembourg, the preceding year, had brought together about three hundred persons, mostly Belgians, French and Germans. Over five thousand attended the Bierville gathering.

A special effort had been made to bring together young people of all nations, and the Congress was therefore predominantly youthful. Thirty nations were represented—Holland, England, the United States, Russia, Germany, India, and others; but as the great majority of those present were French and German, the Congress was important for this fact alone. And the opportunity given to so many young members of the two nations to become acquainted and discuss their common problems was very valuable.

One of these groups in particular was made up of young Germans, with one or two Frenchmen as leaders. "Pilgrims of Peace," the papers called them, for they visited the old battle zone to express their sorrow over the past—Soissons, Charleville, Rethel, Rheims. "We stood with bleeding hearts beside the mutilated cathedral," one of them wrote. Still other places in devastated France were on their program, and everywhere they were received with a friendliness which astonished and rejoiced them.

¹ Rewritten from an account given of the Conference, by one of the participants. Reprinted from *The Wellspring*.

At Charleville, for months the headquarters of the former German Crown Prince, the "Pilgrims of Peace" were received in the town hall by the mayor of the town and the chief officials of several other nearby villages.

"Young Germans whom the war has spared," said the mayor, "children of Germany who have survived her misery, you are standing under the memorial tablet which bears the names of the sons of our town whom the war destroyed. You come to us as pilgrims of peace. We greet you and meet you with all our hearts. Drink with us the cup of brotherhood and break with us the bread of friendship."

The high point of the journey was reached at Le Chemin des Dames (The Ladies' Road), headlined almost daily during many terrible months of the war. Here is a great cemetery of the fallen, both French and German. Here stand eighteen thousand white crosses in endless rows, marking the graves of twelve thousand German dead and six thousand French dead—eleven thousand of them unknown. It is a city of nameless dead. And here the young French and the German pilgrims had planned a common service of sorrow.

The summer sun shone warm across the graves, but the significance of the white crosses lay heavy on every heart. All stood in silent emotion in the midst of the graves while these verses were read, first in German and then in French.

"O neighbor folk beside the Rhine,
Pilgrims of Peace, you've crossed the line,
And here in these war-wasted lands,
We neighbors clasp each other's hands,
And try to bridge the old Rhine stream—
One Fatherland our common dream—
Our Europe.

"Our brothers, sisters, neighbors near,
We stand on holy ground and dear.
Beneath its sod lie much-loved men,
Once yours and ours. War murdered them.

Never again! That be our goal!
We swear with earnest heart and soul,
 'No war again!'

"Over the graves of brothers dead
Our hands we join and seize the thread
Of wisdom. Since we all have birth
Beneath one sun, on common earth,
Then let our common sorrow lead
To neighbors' life, in love and deed.
 'No war again!'"

With the thrill of the last words in the hearts of all, the German Pilgrims stepped forward, laying flowers on graves of French soldiers—flowers gathered that morning on the soil of France, together with blossoms carefully brought from Germany—to speak their message of peace on the burial ground where the one-time foes lie peacefully together.

Their voices almost inaudible with emotion, one from each nation spoke a few words of hope for a new day of peace. And then the French in turn kneeled down and laid flowers upon the graves of German dead. A moment later they stood together by the narrow path separating the French and German grounds. "It is the Rhine," said a French boy, and sang to their dead brothers of both peoples the solemn mourning song of the Russian revolutionists of 1905:

"Undying sacrifices, ye have gone before.
We stand and weep, our hearts with grief are sore."

Sorrowing for the past and pledging themselves to a better future, the young French and Germans stood, hand clasped in hand. And in the sky above the sun was shining. Surely it was a great occasion and one that augurs well for the future.

“THE CHILDREN ARE BROTHERS”¹

ANNA L. CURTIS

A CROWD of children stood in a great Paris railway station one August day of 1924. They were waiting for a train, and it was evident that very important persons were coming on that train. All the children were dressed in their best, and each child carried a bouquet, while the little girls were crowned with wreaths of flowers.

The incoming passengers began to pour through the gates, and the children's gay chatter stopped, as they eagerly watched the arrivals. “There they come! There they are!” now cried one and another. “Oh, how thin they are! How hungry looking!”

Slowly, questioningly, one hundred and fifty shabby, undersized children came with the throng. A hundred and fifty German children who had been invited to France through the Peace Union of War Participants. They were to live in the homes of the waiting French children, to eat wholesome food, and to grow healthy and strong, for one, two or three months. They had been invited, and yet—France had been their enemy; there was no child there who had not lost father, brother, or other near relative in the war. It was no wonder that the visitors' steps faltered, and they almost feared for their welcome.

But now the eagerly waiting French youngsters had read the placards which the little Germans wore on their breasts. A hundred and fifty times repeated, it stood for all to read:

“French or German, the children are brothers”.

“See, see!” cried a girl's shrill voice. “Our brothers and sisters are coming!” She dashed forward, and threw

¹ Rewritten from French and German accounts of the event. About 300 German children were guests of France during the summer of 1924. Reprinted from *Classmate*.

her arms around the foremost German girl, kissing her heartily on both cheeks.

"Our brothers and sisters!" echoed the other French children springing after her, and embracing their guests from the other side of the Rhine. "Welcome to France, dear brothers and sisters!"



CHRIST OF THE ANDES

ANNA D. WHITE

I AM going to tell you a story of two great countries. Their names are Chili and Argentina and they are spread over the lower part of South America, Chili on the Pacific Ocean or west side, Argentina next to the Atlantic on the east side. Between them, running north and south, is a high backbone of mountains, the Andes, covered with ice and snow that never melts, and huge bowlders and cliffs so steep that in many places men cannot climb them.

When these countries were settled the boundary was drawn somewhere along the peaks of these mountains, but for part of the distance no surveyors had actually been on the ground to mark out the exact line. It was too difficult to scramble up those heights carrying heavy instruments. So Chili and Argentina just guessed at the boundary and often they didn't agree. Chili might say,

"Look here, Argentina, you needn't think you own all that river. It rises on my side of the line and if I want to use it to turn the wheels of my mill, I will!"

And Argentina probably answered, "You are certainly mistaken! The source of the stream is plainly on my side of the mountain. And will you kindly tell your miners not to come over here and blast my rocks when they are looking for minerals."

"Your side! Those peaks belong to me."

"Very well, Señor Chili! I'll show you who they belong to! Maybe a few cannon will teach your men a lesson."

"Indeed, Señor Argentina! Two can play at that game. I'll show you with bullets where to find the line between us."

So, about twenty-five years ago, they both got so angry that they started wildly to prepare for war. Each of them

said to his own people, "You must give your money to build warships and buy cannon for the soldiers. Never mind about shoes for your children. They can go barefoot until Chili (or Argentina) has been taught to keep off our side of the Andes." The people didn't like this at all, but in spite of their displeasure warships were hastily built, cannon and guns for the soldiers were gathered together.

Next, when Chili and Argentina said, each to its own men, "Come on! Leave your gardens and your families and get ready to shoot the Argentines (or the Chilians)", the men objected very much. In each country a great many cried out, "Why, this is nonsense! Killing each other won't decide anything about the boundary line. Why don't our countries ask some person outside, like the King of England, to listen to both and say which he thinks is right?"

So finally Chili and Argentina were forced by their people to ask the King of England to settle the matter, which he did by dividing between them the land they were disputing about. They were really delighted not to have a war after all and sat down reasonably to talk it all over as friends. Chili said,

"Let us send our men home to work in the fields and mines again, and sell our battleships to merchants who will use them to carry wool, wheat and metals all over the world. With the money we will build better roads and harbors."

"You speak very sensibly," agreed Argentina. "And we ought in some way to celebrate our new friendship to remind ourselves for all time that peace is better than war. Let us have my young sculptor, Señor Alonso, make a great figure of Christ out of bronze, melting up all the old bronze cannon left from former wars. It was Christ who two thousand years ago told the world of this new way of peace that we have just learned."

"Yes, yes!" cried Chili. "Let us set the figure of Christ on a high peak of the Andes where it can look down on both our countries and remind us to keep peace in our hearts."

The people in Chili and Argentina loved Christ and were overjoyed to carry out this idea. They raised a large sum of money to pay for a beautiful bronze figure twenty-five feet high, with one hand stretched out in blessing and the other holding a cross. Then the task of getting it up the mountains was begun. Through the summer of 1903 men toiled up the steep way with mules and ropes, until finally the statue stood on a high pinnacle between Chili and Argentina. The night before it was to be unveiled hundreds of people from each side camped on the side of the other to show their good-will.

All was ready. A great burst of music filled the air and the salute of guns echoed over the valleys. The cover was pulled aside. Chili and Argentina together gazed on the lovely face of Christ, and together read the words cut in the granite base:

“Sooner shall these mountains crumble to dust than Argentines and Chilians break the peace which at the feet of Christ the Redeemer they have sworn to maintain.”



WILLIAM PENN'S EXPERIMENT

ANNA D. WHITE

IF YOU were to ask a number of people who was the first governor of New York or Maryland or New Jersey they probably could not tell you, but if you asked about Pennsylvania almost everyone would answer instantly, William Penn! The reason for this is not just because the state was named for Penn's Woods or because his statue stands on the top of City Hall in Philadelphia. He is famous because he tried here what he called a Holy Experiment, and the experiment worked.

William Penn had seen much of war in Europe. He was sick of men wounding and killing because they did not agree or were afraid of each other. Stories came to him even from the new land of America, where the King of England had given him a grant in payment of a debt to his father, and where there should have been room for everybody, that the settlers were killing the Indians and the Indians killing the settlers. People told him, "If you are going to plant a colony in the New World you must send plenty of soldiers and guns. The red men are very fierce."

Penn answered that he would take no weapons and no soldiers. The men who were to go with him would be friends of the Indians. "And," he added, "good faith and goodwill toward men are our defences."

So he bought the good ship *Welcome* and set sail for America with a hundred men and women who were indeed Friends, or Quakers. For three months they struggled with wind and wave across the stormy Atlantic and at last, in October of 1682, sailed into Delaware Bay and up between the lovely banks of the River, the air smelling, as Penn wrote, "sweet as a new blown garden." With peace and thankfulness in

their hearts Penn and his companions settled in the little town which was named Philadelphia, the City of Brotherly Love.

The Indians first looked on these newcomers with great suspicion. They had learned that pale-faced men in other places carried strange sticks that spit sudden fire and that they were greatly to be feared. But Penn's Friends acted quite differently. Penn himself visited the Indian camp-fires with gestures of friendliness and sat down to eat roast acorns and hominy with the old men. When the strong young braves gathered in contests of jumping, he sprang up and leaped with the best of them. They liked and trusted this man and his friends.

After Penn and the Indians had lived near each other like neighbors for some time he invited them to meet him under a great elm tree on the edge of the little town near the River. By this time they had learned something of each other's language and could talk together. The red men brought no war axes or bows and arrows, for they knew the Friends carried no guns.

As the barge, with the Governor's flag flying, came floating down the stream they saw William Penn standing at the helm dressed in the simple clothes of his people, with a blue scarf tied about his waist. The Indian chief seized his peace head-dress and put it on, the horn that showed his kingly power standing upright. Under the elm he listened respectfully to the gentle words of this great leader:

"The Great Spirit rules in the Heavens and the Earth. He knows that we have come here with a hearty desire to live with you in peace. We use no hostile weapons against our enemies; good faith and good will towards men are our defences. We believe you will deal kindly and justly by us, as we will deal kindly and justly with you. I will not call you children, for parents sometimes chide their children too severely; nor brothers only, for brothers differ. The friendship between me and you I will not compare to a chain, for that

the rains might rust, or the falling tree might break. We are the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts; we are all one flesh and blood."

And so Penn's famous treaty with the Indians was drawn up and signed.¹ Although Penn himself returned to England, his influence lasted, and for seventy years the peace in Pennsylvania was unbroken between the red men and white.

This is the reason that you will find the name of William Penn known everywhere, for by his Holy Experiment he proved that kindness and fairness are a better protection than guns.

¹ The following is text of the Treaty:—

We will be brethren, my people and your people, as the children of one father. All the paths shall be open to the Christian and the Indian. The doors of the Christian shall be open to the Indian, and the wigwam of the Indian shall be open to the Christian. The Christians shall believe no false stories; they shall first come together as brethren and inquire of each other; when they hear such false stories they shall bury them in the bottomless pit. The Christian hearing news that may hurt the Indian, or the Indian hearing news that may hurt the Christian, shall make it known the one to the other, as speedily as possible, as true friends and brethren. The Indian shall not harm the Christian nor his friend; the Christian shall not harm the Indian nor his friend, but they shall live together as brethren. As there are wicked people in all nations, if the Indian or the Christian shall harm the one or the other, complaint shall be made by the sufferer, that right may be done; and when right is done, the wrong shall be forgotten and buried in the bottomless pit. The Indian shall help the Christian and the Christian shall help the Indian against all men who would molest them.

We will transmit this league between us to our children. It shall be made stronger and stronger, and be kept bright and clean, without rust or spot, between our children and our children's children, while the creeks and rivers run, and while the sun, moon and stars endure.

THE RUSH-BAGOT AGREEMENT

ANNA D. WHITE

ONE day, something over a hundred years ago, a young man sat in one of the big government offices in the capitol of our country, reading a letter. It was a long, official-looking document. When he had reached the end he started in and read it through a second time, his face darkening with perplexity.

This man was Richard Rush, a Philadelphian, who had been brought up to believe that friendliness and persuasion accomplish more than threats and force. He had come to Washington and entered the State Department and was there when the War of 1812 broke out between our still youthful republic and its mother country, England. One man cannot stop a war when it has started, though Richard Rush would have done so if he could. He had to watch frowning forts being built along the Canadian border and battleships threatening each other in the Great Lakes, for of course the Canadians were considered our enemies as well as the British.

Now when Rush sat reading his letter the war was over. He had been left in charge of one of the important offices in his department and he longed for a chance to help heal the wounds of hatred and suspicion.

This message that had come to him was from the officers of the army and navy who still guarded our boundary to the north. They wrote imperatively: The government must send more troops at once to replace those withdrawn; make all speed to build and equip ships to watch every port on the Lakes; construct larger forts at strategic points. More money was needed, more men....

"More misunderstanding and trouble between nations that should be friends!" exclaimed Richard Rush.

He rose from his chair with a mighty resolution to do what

one man can to end it all. At this moment was born the beginning of the first successful experiment in an unarmed boundary between two great nations.

Rush went straight to the British Ambassador and laid before him a bold plan. It was nothing less than the complete withdrawal on both sides of battleships and troops and the destruction of all forts. To us, looking back after a hundred and ten years of friendship with Canada, this seems a very sensible and simple arrangement, but it actually took months of negotiation and the patience and genius of statesmen on both sides before the Rush-Bagot Agreement was finally signed. Because of this treaty disputes between the two countries have ever since been settled by talking things over, instead of by war.

In 1918 a great celebration was held along the border. At Blaine, in the state of Washington, a gateway was built half on Canadian ground and half on the United States, with the flags of our country and of Great Britain flying above. On the inside of the arch are inscribed the words "Open for one hundred years—may these doors never be closed."

CHERRIES OF HAMBURG ¹

IN THE early part of the 16th century, cherries were very rare in Germany. A disease had attacked the trees and it had been very hard to save any of them. There had been a rot and it was with the utmost difficulty that any would be preserved. But a citizen of Hamburg, named Wolfe, had, in the middle of the town, a walled garden and in the garden he gathered the rarest of cherry trees. By constant watchfulness he had kept away the disease from his fruit, so that he alone possessed healthy cherry trees, and those in great abundance, bearing the juiciest cherries.

All who wished cherries must go to him for them; and he sold them at the highest prices, so that every season he reaped a great harvest of gold from his cherries. Far and near, Wolfe's cherry trees were known, and he grew richer and richer.

One season, when his cherry trees were in blossom and giving promise of an abundant crop, war broke out in the north of Germany and Hamburg was besieged and so surrounded by the enemy that no help could reach it.

Slowly the people ate all the food that they had on hand and famine was staring them in the face. Meanwhile, the enemy outside the walls had grown more fierce. The great heat had dried up the brooks and springs in all the country about, so that the besiegers were becoming wild with thirst; it made them more savage and the commanding general would listen to no terms, but swore to destroy the city and all its people.

Wolfe was thinking about what could be done as he returned one day to his garden in the midst of the city, after a week of fighting with the enemy. While he had been away

¹ Reprinted from *Messenger of Peace*.

the cherries had ripened fast in the hot sun and were now fairly bursting with the red juice.

A sudden thought came into his head, as he looked at his cherries, and a hope sprang up that he might yet save his city and all its people. There was not a moment to lose, for twenty-four hours more of suffering and the people would be beyond control. He brought together all the children of the town, to the number of three hundred, and had them dressed wholly in white.

He brought them into his orchard, loaded each with a branch heavy with rich, juicy cherries, and marshaling them, sent them out of the city, a feeble procession, to the camp of the enemy.

The dying men and women filled the streets as the white-robed children passed through the gates and out into the country.

The general of the enemy army saw the procession drawing near, concealed by the boughs they were carrying, and suspected some trick. Then he was told that they were the children of Hamburg, who had heard that he and his army were suffering from thirst and that they were bringing juicy cherries to quench their thirst.

Thereat he was very angry and said that they had come to mock him, and that he would surely have them put to death. But when the procession came before him and he saw the poor children, so thin, so pale, so worn out by hunger, the rough man's heart was touched; a spring of fatherly love that had long been choked up in him broke forth; he was filled with pity, and tears came to his eyes. What the warriors of the town could not do the peaceful children in white did: they vanquished the hard heart.

That evening the little cherry-bearers returned to the city and with them went a great procession of carts filled with provisions for the starving people; and the very next day a treaty of peace was signed.

In memory of this event, the people of Hamburg agreed to keep a yearly festival, called the Feast of Cherries, when the children of the city, clad in white garments, were to march through the streets, holding green boughs to which the people, coming out of their houses, would hasten to tie bunches of cherries.

THE LITTLE HERO OF HAARLEM¹

FRANCES WELD DANIELSON

THE sea tries hard to run over the country of Holland, and cover it with water. But high, thick walls of earth called dikes keep out the waves. Everybody in Holland, even the smallest child, knows that they would lose their country if a leak in the dikes was not quickly mended.

Hans was one of these children. One afternoon he and his younger brother went out on the dike to play, for the top of the dike is like a road, and makes a good playground. They played a long time and the afternoon grew late. By and by the little brother slid down the side of the dike, and pretty soon he said, "Oh, see the water coming through!"

Hans knew what that meant. He slid down quickly beside his brother. Yes, there was a little stream of water coming through. There was a leak in the dike. Unless something was done it would grow bigger and bigger, until the whole big wall crumbled away and the sea rushed in.

What could be done? Hans put his finger into the hole while he thought about it. The water stopped running out. It was such a little hole that a finger filled it.

"Run for help, brother!" he cried. "Run for help, and I'll stop the leak till somebody comes."

So the little boy ran off. Hans could hear his footsteps, growing fainter and fainter. Then it was quite still.

Now the boys had walked a long way from home, and the little brother's legs were short and he was tired. Besides he did not know how a boy's finger feels when he holds it still. And Hans' finger did feel strange. First it ached. Then it

¹Reprinted from "The Pilgrim Elementary Teacher." The Pilgrim Press. Used by permission.

prickled. Then he felt as if he had no finger. He listened. It was very still. He called. No one answered. The ache went up his arm. He sat on a stone for a while. Then he stood up. But he never once thought of taking his finger out of the hole. He listened. It was very still. He called. No one answered.

The afternoon was at an end, and it began to grow dark. Hans thought of his bed at home. He thought of his father. Why didn't his father come? His arm was numb now, and he had to hold it with his other hand. Again he listened and again he called. But it was quiet, and nobody answered. And still he held his finger in the hole.

At last he thought he heard footsteps. Very faint they sounded, but they grew louder and nearer. He was sure now that help was coming. He called, and the shout answered him. Soon his father's voice could be heard saying, "We are almost there, Hans!"

"I've stopped the leak," called back a weak little voice.

Soon the strong arms lifted him away from the dike, and covered the hole with something stronger than a little boy's finger. His tired, cold arm was rubbed, the finger that kept the sea back was warmed, and while his father and the other men mended the leak, they told what they thought of a boy who would suffer to save his country.

POEMS



A SONG OF BETTER UNDERSTANDING¹

WILSON MACDONALD

I SING this song that you may know me better;
That I may know you better,
And that we two may burn our false idols
At the same altar.
I come first to you,
Young, inland mariner, on a sea of flowing grapes,
In purple France;
Shaking the carved snow from my hardy shoulders
I come to you.
Long has my race, companioned by strong elements
Misunderstood the liquid nature of your soul.
And you, with the same blindness as mine own,
Have called my silent northmen cold and passionless.
Let us approach one another, comrade;
Look in mine eyes and I will look in yours;
And that fair light which falls when soul greets soul
Will be the first spark to arouse the fires
Which shall consume our idols.

Your people gave me to drink at the rare founts
Of Molière, Hugo, and Gounod.
My people renewed your soul of art
With the clear flow of Shakespeare, Wordsworth, and Keats.
A thousand pleasures of the heart and eye
We owe each other.
Upward reaching, toward the same white light
Have all our yearnings been.
Only have our idols blinded us through the long, sad years.

Now the way is open:
Consume fires; flame fiercely;
For an idol does not burn readily.
And this can never be a Song of Better Understanding

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Until all our false idols are translated into ashes.
Yesterday I said, 'I will go kill a German.
I hate Germans; I hate their diet; I hate their aggressiveness.'
So I buckled on my sword and sought out a Teuton.
And soon I found one sitting by the roadside.
And his head was bent in an attitude of profound thought.

Then I said, 'Mine enemy, I have come to kill you.'
And he answered quietly, 'I will let you slay me
If you will permit my body to fall on the floor of yonder
chapel.'

So we journeyed to the chapel and entered its solitude;
But as I prepared my sword he quoted unto me
In the rich accents of his thoughtful tongue, a song of Goethe.
His Goethe? Nay; my Goethe? Nay; OUR Goethe? Yea!
And when I raised my sword I turned savagely and slew
Not him, but all of mine idols—my false idols.
Then from the chapel organ a soft sound crept with panther
tread.

And through the windows of song passed, like a great wind,
All the pent up passions of the ages. 'The Appassionata!' I
cried.

His Appassionata? Nay. My Appassionata? Nay. OUR
Appassionata? Yea!

And I swung my sword more savagely than before and slew
Not him, but all of mine idols—my false idols.

And when the last note had folded its head, like a tired child,
In the arms of silence, leaving our hearts like sea beaches,
White and shining after the tempest has passed beyond,
Mine enemy and I sang together the greatest song of man,
The Song of Better Understanding.

And when we parted I said:

'All white men are my brothers; I will slay a white man no
more;

Only are the black men mine enemies, and the yellow men.
I will go and kill an African, or a man of China.'

And soon I found a yellow man sitting by the roadside
And his head was bent in an attitude of profound thought.
Then I said as before, 'Mine enemy, I have come to kill you.'
And he answered quietly, 'I will let you slay me
If you will let my body fall on the soft sands of the seashore.'
'And why the seashore?' I said; and he replied unto me,

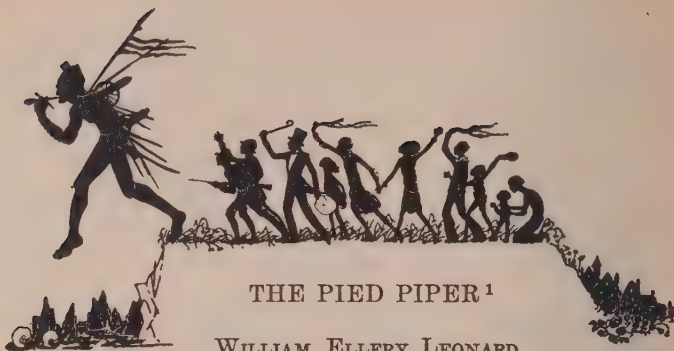
'There is a star which I love better than all stars;
And if I fall upon the sands my last look will be upon that
star.'

Then from his lips flowed the wisdom of Confucius
And my sword fell helpless and I said:
'I loved that star best of all stars in Old England;
And I loved that truth of thy seer best of all truths.
Let us sing together,' and we, lovers of the same star,
Locked arms upon the rim of no-man's sea, and sang
The Song of Better Understanding.

What antagonism to America and her states
Shall override our granite debt to Emerson,
To Lowell, to Poe, to musical Lanier;
To Whitman who blasphemed the god of technique;
To Whittier, whose life was a gentle song!
What prejudice against Italian fury
Is justified when we unbare the page
Of Dante; or when eye and soul regale
In the majestic sweep of Michelangelo!

I sing this song that you might know me better;
That I might know you better.
For now is the day at hand when we shall behold
The dust of all our broken idols, our false gods
Paving the streets where lusty mortals walk,
Chanting the hymns of Barbary and her hosts.

O magnificent hosts! I can see them pass and repass,
Singing in a diapason of a universal love
'The Song of Better Understanding.'



THE PIED PIPER¹

WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

THE huge Pied Piper, in a giant dance,
Began his piping on the fields of France.
The huge Pied Piper, with a fife of steel,
Danced through the nations, toe and heel.
Four crazed years, under winds and the moon,
The Millions followed in a jigging rigadoon.

For his legs were hosed in striped bands,
And his sleeves were striped to the fingering-hands,
And his cape was striped to his piping throat,
And the striped cap fluttered to step and note...
Stripes up and down, and left and right...
Red, green, yellow, black, blue, white...
Speckled between with star and crest—
But the red stripes O! they outnumbered the rest.
And when failed the lure of his garments pied,
He juggled new bunting from his vest inside.
So four crazed years, under winds and the moon,
The Millions followed in a jigging rigadoon.

With a fife of steel to puckered lips,
And two cheeks puffing for his finger-tips,
He shrilled each tune of the lure of war,
And danced every measure of his repertoire:
He piped and he jigged of fear and hate,

¹ From "The Lynching Bee and Other Poems," by William Ellery Leonard, New York. The Viking Press. Copyright, 1920, by B. W. Huebsch, Inc.

Of love of country and glory of state;
And he piped of god and he piped of man—
This giant Jester, this Charlatan.
And for those who loathed his piping shrill
He piped a tune more alluring still:
"Then hurry to my piping, more than ever,
To end my piping, now or never!"
And four crazed years, under winds and the moon,
The Millions followed in a jigging rigadoon.

And the few still slack, as he flung pied cape,
And the few still slack, as he piped his jape,
O the few still slack, as each million reels,
Jigging to the river, behind his heels,
They whipped or they hanged to bar or tree,
And passed with the Piper down the lea...

To a red, red river, all the host,—
And the Piper walked, like a shadow or ghost...
And the Piper walked, like Christ on the sea
In the sunset-storm of Galilee...
And he danced on the waters, to his latest tune,
And the millions perished in a jigging rigadoon.

TUBAL CAIN

CHARLES MACKAY

OLD Tubal Cain was a man of might,
In the days when earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and spear.
And he sang—"Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the spear and sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king or lord!"

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade,
As the crown of his desire;
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee;
And they gave him gifts of pearls and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they sang—"Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,
And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,
Ere the setting of the sun;
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done;
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind,
That the land was red with the blood they shed,
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said, "Alas! that I ever made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,

The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forebode to smite the ore,
And his furnace smoldered low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang—"Hurrah for my handiwork!"
And the red sparks lit the air;
"Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made,"
And he fashioned the first plowshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands;
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And plowed the willing lands:
And sang—"Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Our staunch good friend is he;
And for the plowshare and the plow,
To him our praise shall be."



HOW BIG WAS ALEXANDER, PA?

E. JONES

Son: How big was Alexander, pa,
That people call him great?
Was he, like old Goliath, tall,
His spear a hundred weight?
Was he so tall that he could stand
Like some tall steeple high,
And while his feet were on the ground,
His hands could touch the sky?

Father: O no, my child; about as large
As I or Uncle James.
'Twas not his *stature* made him great
But greatness of his *name*.

Son: His *name* so great? I know 'tis *long*,
But easy quite to spell;
And more than half a year ago
I knew it very well.

Father: I mean, my child, his *actions* were
So great, he got a name,
That every body speaks with praise,
That tells about his fame.

Son: Well, what great *actions* did he do?
I want to know it all.

Father: Why, he it was that conquered Tyre,
And leveled down her wall,
And thousands of her people slew;
And then to Persia went,
And fire and sword on every side
Through many a region sent.
A hundred conquered cities shone
With midnight burnings red;

And, strewed o'er many a battle-ground,
A thousand soldiers bled.

Son: Did *killing people* make him great?
Then why was Abner Young
Who killed his neighbor last July
Put into jail and hung?
I never heard them call *him* great.

Father: Why, no, 'twas not in war;
And him that kills a single man,
His neighbors all abhor.

Son: Well, then, if I should kill a man,
I'd kill a hundred more;
I should be *great*, and not get hung,
Like Abner Young, before.

Father: Not so, my child, 'twill never do;
The Gospel bids be kind.

Son: Then they that *kill* and they that *praise*,
The Gospel do not mind.

Father: You know, my child, the Bible says
That you must always do
To other people, as you wish
To have them do to you.

Son: But, pa, did Alexander wish
That some strong man would come
And burn his house, and kill him too,
And do as he had done?
Does every body call him *Great*,
For killing people so?
Well, now, what *right* he had to kill,
I should be glad to know.
If one should burn the buildings here,
And kill the folks within,
Would any body call him great
For such a wicked sin?

THE PEACE-PIPE

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

ON THE Mountains of the Prairie,
On the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
He the Master of Life, descending
On the red crags of the quarry
Stood erect, and called the nations,
Called the tribes of men together.

.....
Down the rivers, o'er the prairies
Came the warriors of the nations,
Came the Delawares and Mohawks,
Came the Choctaws and Camanches,
Came the Shoshonies and Black-feet,
Came the Pawnees and Omahas,
Came the Mandans and Dacotahs,
Came the Hurons and Ojibways,
All the warriors drawn together
By the signal of the Peace-Pipe,
To the mountains of the Prairie,
To the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry,
And they stood there on the meadow,
With their weapons and their war-gear,
Painted like the leaves of Autumn,
Painted like the sky of morning,
Wildly glaring at each other;
In their faces stern defiance,
In their hearts the feuds of ages,
The hereditary hatred,
The ancestral thirst of vengeance.
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
The creator of the nations,
Looked upon them with compassion,
With paternal love and pity;
Looked upon their wrath and wrangling
But as quarrels among children,

But as feuds and fights of children!

Over them he stretched his right hand,
To subdue their stubborn natures,
To allay their thirst and fever,
By the shadow of his right hand;
Spake to them with voice majestic
As the sound of far-off waters,
Falling into deep abysses,
Warning, chiding, spake in this wise:—

‘O my children! my poor children!

Listen to the words of wisdom,
Listen to the words of warning,
From the lips of the Great Spirit,
From the Master of Life, who made you!

‘I have given you lands to hunt in,
I have given you streams to fish in,
I have given you bear and bison,
I have given you roe and reindeer,
I have given you brant and beaver,
Filled the marshes full of wild-fowl,
Filled the rivers full of fishes;
Why then are you not contented?
Why then will you hunt each other?

‘I am weary of your quarrels,
Weary of your wars and blood-shed,
Weary of your prayers for vengeance,
Of your wranglings and dissensions;
All your strength is in your union,
All your danger is in discord;
Therefore be at peace henceforward,
And as brothers live together.

‘I will send a Prophet to you,
A Deliverer of the nations,
Who shall guide you and shall teach you,
Who shall toil and suffer with you.
If you listen to his counsels,
You will multiply and prosper:
If his warnings pass unheeded,
You will fade away and perish!

‘Bathe now in the stream before you,
Wash the war-paint from your faces,
Wash the blood-stains from your fingers,

PEACE CRUSADERS

Bury your war-clubs and your weapons,
Break the red stone from this quarry,
Mould and make it into Peace-Pipes,
Take the reeds that grow beside you,
Deck them with your brightest feathers,
Smoke the calumet together,
And as brothers live henceforward!

Then upon the ground the warriors
Threw their cloaks and shirts of deer-skin,
Threw their weapons and their war-gear,
Leaped into the rushing river,
Washed the war-paint from their faces.
Clear above them flowed the water
Clear and limpid from the footprints
Of the Master of Life descending:
Dark below them flowed the water,
Soiled and stained with streaks of crimson,
As if blood were mingled with it!

From the river came the warriors,
Clean and washed from all their war-paint;
On the banks their clubs they buried,
Buried all their warlike weapons.
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
The Great Spirit, the creator,
Smiled upon his helpless children!

And in silence all the warriors
Broke the red stone of the quarry,
Smoothed and formed it into Peace-Pipes,
Broke the long reeds by the river,
Decked them with their brightest feathers,
And departed each one home-ward,
While the Master of Life, ascending,
Through the opening of cloud-curtains,
Through the doorways of the heaven,
Vanished from before their faces,
In the smoke that rolled around him,
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe!



THE CHERRY FESTIVAL AT NAUMBURG

HARD by the walls of Naumburg town,
Four hundred years ago,
Procopius his soldiers led
To fight their Saxon foe.
The blue sky bent above the earth
In benediction mute:
The tranquil fields reposed content
In blossom, grain, and fruit.

But vain the benedicite
Of tender, brooding sky;
And vainly peaceful, smiling fields
Gave eloquent reply.
Unsoothed, unmoved, in nature's calm,
The Hussite army lay,
A deadly, threatening human storm,
With Naumburg in its way.

To swift destruction now seemed doomed
The dear old Saxon town;
Before Procópius the Great
The strongest walls went down.
But soon upon the soft, calm air,
Came sound of tramping feet;
The Hussites quickly flew to arms,
Their hated foe to meet.

PEACE CRUSADERS

Ready they stood to face the charge;
The great gate opened wide,
And out there poured, not armed men,
But, marching side by side,
The little children of the town,
Whose bright eyes met their gaze
With innocence and courage all
Unversed in war's dread ways.

The men threw all their weapons down
At sight so strange and fair;
They took the children in their arms,
They stroked their flaxen hair,
They kissed their cheeks and sweet red lips,
They told how back at home
They'd left such little ones as these,
And then they bade them come

To cherry orchards close at hand,
And there they stripped the trees
Of branches rich with clustered fruit;
Their little arms with these
They filled, and with kind words of peace
They sent them back to town.
The soldiers then all marched away,
Nor thought of war's renown.

And now each year at cherry time,
In Naumburg you may see
The little children celebrate
This strange, sweet victory.
Once more the sound of tramping feet
Is heard as, side by side,
They march throughout the quaint old town,
In childhood's joyous pride.

Once more they bear within their arms
Green branches, thro' whose leaves
Ripe cherries gleam, that tell a tale
More strange than fancy weaves,
About a bloodless battle fought
Four centuries ago,
When children saved old Naumburg town
By conquering its foe.

FROM THE BIGLOW PAPERS

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

EZ FER war, I call it murder,—
There you hev' it plain an' flat;
I don't want to go no funder
Than my Testymnt fer that;
God hez sed so plump an' fairly,
It's ez long ez it is broad,
An' you've gut to git up airly
Ef you want to take in God.

'Taint your eppyletts an' feathers
Make the thing a grain more right;
'Taint a follerin' your bell-wethers
Will excuse you in His sight;
Ef you take a sword an' dror it,
An' go stick a feller thru,
Guv'ment aint to answer for it
God'll send the bill to you.

Wuts the use o' meetin' goin'
Every Sabbath, wet or dry,
Ef it's right to go amowin'
Feller-men like oats an' rye?
I dunno but what it's pooty
Trainin' round in bobtail coats,—
But it's curus Christian dooty
This 'ere cuttin' folks's throats.

.

'I'll return ye good fer evil
Much ez we frail mortils can,
But I won't go help the Devil
Makin' man the cuss of man;
Call me coward, call me traiter,
Jest ez suits your mean idees,—
Here I stand a tyrant-hater,
An' the friend o' God an' Peace!

BARCLAY OF URY

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Up THE streets of Aberdeen,
By the kirk and college green,
Rode the Laird of Ury;
Close behind him, close beside,
Foul of mouth and evil-eyed,
Pressed the mob in fury.

Flouted him the drunken churl,
Jeered at him the serving-girl,
Prompt to please her master;
And the begging carlin, late
Fed and clothed at Ury's gate,
Cursed him as he passed her.

Yet, with calm and stately mien,
Up the streets of Aberdeen
Came he slowly riding;
And, to all he saw and heard,
Answering not with bitter word,
Turning not for chiding.

Came a troop with broadswords swinging,
Bits and bridles sharply ringing,
Loose and free and froward;
Quoth the foremost, "Ride him down!
Push him! prick him! through the town
Drive the Quaker coward!"

But from out the thickening crowd
Cried a sudden voice and loud:
"Barclay! Ho! a Barclay!"
And the old man at his side
Saw a comrade, battle tried,
Scarred and sunburned darkly;

Who with ready weapon bare,
Fronting to the troopers there,
Cried aloud: "God save us,
Call ye coward him who stood
Ankle deep in Lutzen's blood,
With the brave Gustavus!"

"Nay, I do not need thy sword,
Comrade mine," said Ury's lord;
"Put it up, I pray thee:
Passive to His holy will,
Trust I in my Master still,
Even though He slay me.

"Pledges of thy love and faith,
Proved on many a field of death,
Not by me are needed."
Marvelled much that henchman bold,
That his laird, so stout of old,
Now so meekly pleaded.

"Woe's the day!" he sadly said,
With a slowly shaking head,
And a look of pity;
"Ury's honest lord reviled,
Mock of knave and sport of child,
In his own good city!

"Speak the word, and, master mine,
As we charged on Tilly's line,
And his Walloon lancers,
Smiting through their midst we'll touch
Civil look and decent speech
To these boyish prancers!"

"Marvel not, mine ancient friend,
Like beginning, like the end,"
Quoth the Laird of Ury;
"Is the sinful servant more
Than his gracious Lord who bore
Bonds and stripes in Jewry?

“Give me joy that in His name
I can bear, with patient frame,
All these vain ones offer;
While for them He suffereth long,
Shall I answer wrong with wrong,
Scoffing with the scoffer?”

“Happier I, with loss of all,
Hunted, outlawed, held in thrall,
With few friends to greet me,
Than when reeve and squire were seen,
Riding out from Aberdeen,
With bared heads to meet me.

“When each goodwife, o’er and o’er,
Blessed me as I passed her door;
And the snooded daughter,
Through her casement glancing down,
Smiled on him who bore renown
From red fields of slaughter.

“Hard to feel the stranger’s scoff,
Hard the old friend’s falling off,
Hard to learn forgiving;
But the Lord His own rewards,
And His love with theirs accords,
Warm and fresh and living.

“Through this dark and stormy night
Faith beholds a feeble light
Up the blackness streaking;
Knowing God’s own time is best,
In a patient hope I rest
For the full day-breaking!”

So the Laird of Ury said,
Turning slow his horse’s head
Towards the Tolbooth prison,
Where, through iron gates, he heard
Poor disciples of the Word
Preach of Christ arisen!

Not in vain, Confessor old,
Unto us the tale is told
Of thy day of trial;
Every age on him who strays
From its broad and beaten ways
Pours its seven-fold vial.

Happy he whose inward ear
Angel comfortings can hear,
O'er the rabble's laughter;
And while Hatred's fagots burn,
Glimpses through the smoke discern
Of the good hereafter.

Knowing this, that never yet
Share of Truth was vainly set
In the world's wide fallow;
After hands shall sow the seed,
After hands from hill and mead
Reap the harvests yellow.

Thus, with somewhat of the Seer,
Must the moral pioneer
From the Future borrow;
Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,
And, on midnight's sky of rain,
Paint the golden morrow!

Pacific School of Religion

“WHAT IS RIGHT FOR YOU
IS RIGHT FOR ME”¹

SARAH TABER COFFIN

Two children dear had a kite to fly,
With but one string, to the shining sky.
Both tried to hold it, and broke the string;
And the kite flew off like a white, wild thing,
And they cried as it sailed away in the blue:
“ ’Twas a foolish thing that we tried to do.
We could have it still, did we but agree
What was right for you was right for me.”

Two crowding neighbors strove in vain
A part of each other's land to gain,
Till another passed and said: “You know
You are wasting time while your seeds might grow;
You are poorer far while you strive and fight
Than if each looked out for the other's right.
This motto would be more neighborly:
‘What is right for you is right for me.’”

Two nations, with men and children free
To work and play and make harmony,
Used the shining wealth, which their people need,
To pay for a war (with no use but greed).
They settled no question of right, you see,
For killing will never make people agree.
The golden rule would have shown these two,
“What I wish myself, I will do to you.”

So children and men, and nations too,
Are thinking at last what they ought to do,
And sometime soon, when we children here
Are men and women, 'twill seem quite clear
That the whole wide world is God's family.
We are brothers whatever our country may be;
And there's only one way for a world to agree:
“What is right for you is right for me.”

¹ Used by permission from Everyland Publishing Company.

WHEN SOME FELLOW'S DADDY KILLS SOME FELLOW'S DAD ¹

T. M. BRAY

WHEN we get to fighting, our fathers step in
And say it is wrong, a shame and a sin,
With—"Why in the world did you ever begin,
Scratching and biting?
A black eye at your age; why goodness me,
Your face is so battered you hardly can see—
What kind of a man will you grow up to be?
Constantly fighting!"

But some fellow's daddy kills some fellow's dad,
The finest old daddy a boy ever had,
And half of the world is shouting like mad
When men disagree.
And now they are fighting by millions they say,
Thousands of daddies are killed every day,
With no one to stop them or pull them away—
And no referee.

We know very little of war and its schemes,
We can't understand what all of it means,
But when war takes our daddies it certainly seems
That fighting should cease.
It strikes us as foolish that men think they must
Keep shooting and stabbing. O why can't they just
Shake hands and have peace?

¹ Reprinted by permission from *Boys' Life*.

THE WORLD WANTS MENDING ¹

W. ST. HILL-BOURNE

COME, boys, the world wants mending,
Let none sit down and rest,
But seek to work like heroes,
And nobly do your best.
Do what you can for fellow-man
With honest heart and true;
Much may be done by every one,
There's work for all to do.

Though you can do but little,
That little's something still;
You'll find a way for helping,
If you but have the will.
Now bravely fight for what is right,
And God will help you through;
Much may be done by every one,
There's work for all to do.

Be kind to those around you,
To charity hold fast;
Let each think first of others,
And leave himself till last.
Act as you would that others should
Act in their turn to you;
Much may be done by every one,
There's work for all to do.

¹ This hymn is an appeal by a boy to boys. It was written when the author was a scholar at the Merchant Taylors' School, London, and it was first published in a Boys' Magazine. Reprinted by permission from "The Fellowship Hymn Book."

AMERICA FIRST!

G. ASHTON OLDHAM

Not merely in matters material, but in things of the spirit.
Not merely in science, inventions, motors and skyscrapers, but also in ideals, principles, character.
Not merely in the calm assumption of rights, but in the glad assumption of duties.
Not flaunting in her strength as a giant, but bending in helpfulness over a sick and wounded world like a Good Samaritan.
Not in splendid isolation, but in courageous cooperation
Not in pride, arrogance and disdain of other races and peoples, but in sympathy, love and understanding.
Not in treading again the old, worn, bloody pathway which ends inevitably in chaos and disaster, but in blazing a new trail along which, please God, other nations will follow into a new Jerusalem where wars shall be no more.
Some day some nation must take that path—unless we are to lapse once again into utter barbarism—and that honor I covet for my beloved America.
And so, in this spirit and with these hopes, I say with all my heart and soul, "America First!"

MY COUNTRY

ROBERT WHITAKER

MY COUNTRY is the world; I count
No son of man my foe,
Whether the warm life-currents mount
And mantle brows like snow
Or red or yellow, brown or black,
The face that into mine looks back.

My native land is Mother Earth,
And all men are my kin,
Whether of rude or gentle birth,
However steeped in sin;
Or rich, or poor, or great, or small,
I count them brothers, one and all.

My birthplace is no spot apart,
I claim no town nor state;
Love hath a shrine in every heart,
And wheresoe'er men mate
To do the right and say the truth,
Love evermore renews her youth.

My flag is the star-spangled sky,
Woven without a seam,
Where dawn and sunset colors lie,
Fair as an angel's dream;
The flag that still, unstained, untorn,
Floats over all of mortal born.

My party is all human-kind,
My platform brotherhood;
I count all men of honest mind
Who work for human good,
And for the hope that gleams afar,
My comrades in this holy war.

My heroes are the great and good
 Of every age and clime,
 Too often mocked, misunderstood,
 And murdered in their time,
 But spite of ignorance and hate
 Known and exalted soon or late.

My country is the world; I scorn
 No lesser love than mine,
 But calmly wait that happy morn
 When all shall own this sign,
 And love of country as of clan,
 Shall yield to world-wide love of man.

“WHAT MAKES A NATION?”

WILBUR DICK NESBIT

WHAT makes a nation? Bounding lines that lead from shore
to shore,
That trace its girth on silent hills or on the prairie floor,
That hold the rivers and the lakes and all the fields between
The lines that stand about the land a barrier unseen?

Or is it guns that hold the coast, or ships that sweep the seas,
The flag that flaunts its glory in the racing of the breeze;
The chants of peace, or battle hymn, or dirge, or victor's song
Or parchment screed, or storied deed, that makes a nation
strong?

What makes a nation? Is it ships or states or flags or guns?
Or is it that great common heart which beats in all her sons—
That deeper faith, that truer faith, the trust in one for all
Which sets the goal for every soul that hears his country's
call?

This makes a nation great and strong and certain to endure,
This subtle inner voice that thrills a man and makes him sure;
Which makes him know there is no north or south or east
or west,
But that his land must ever stand the bravest and the best.

OUR FATHERLAND

E. DODGSHUN

WHAT service shall we render thee,
O Fatherland we love?
What gift of hand, or heart, or brain
May our devotion prove?
The coming age invokes our aid,
Thy voice of old inspires;
Shall we, thy sons and daughters, be
Less worthy than our sires?

The service of the commonwealth
Is not in arms alone;
A nobler chivalry shall rise
Than war has ever known;
Glad rivalries in arts of peace,
True ministries of life,
Shall supersede the arts of war
And calm our feverish strife.

Too long the pagan rule of force
Has held the world in thrall,
Too long the clash of arms has drowned
The higher human call.
O comrades, seek a nobler quest!
O keep a worthier tryst!
The laws of hate have had their day;
Proclaim the laws of Christ!

Lord of the nations, far and near,
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
Equip us for the tasks of life,
Save us from the deeds of death:
Enlist us in Thy ranks to fight
Fair freedom's holy war,
Whose battle cry is "Brotherhood"
Far flung from shore to shore.

THE BETTER WAY¹

SUSAN COOLIDGE

Who serves his country best?
Not he who, for a brief and stormy space,
Leads forth her armies to the fierce affray.
Short is the time of turmoil and unrest,
Long years of peace succeed it and replace:
There is a better way.

Who serves his country best?
Not he who guides her senates in debate,
And makes the laws which are her prop and stay;
Not he who wears the poet's purple vest
And sings her songs of love and grief and fate:
There is a better way.

He serves his country best
Who joins the tide that lifts her nobly on,
For speech has myriad tongues for every day
And song but one; and law within the breast
Is stronger than the graven law on stone!
This is a better way.

He serves his country best
Who lives pure life, and doeth righteous deed,
And walks straight paths—however others stray—
And leaves his sons as uttermost bequest
A stainless record which all men may read:
This is the better way.

No drop but serves the slowly lifting tide,
No dew but has an errand to some flower,
No smallest star but sheds some helpful ray,
And man by man, each giving to all the rest,
Makes the firm bulwark of the country's power:
There is no better way.

¹ Used by permission of Little, Brown and Company.

HEAR, O YE NATIONS¹

FREDERICK L. HOSMER

HEAR, hear O ye nations, and hearing obey
The cry from the past and the call of to-day!
Earth wearies and wastes with her fresh life outpoured,
The glut of the cannon, the spoils of the sword.

Lo, dawns a new era, transcending the old,
The poet's rapt vision, by prophet foretold!
From war's grim tradition it maketh appeal,
To service of all in a world's commonweal.

Home, altar and school, the mill and the mart,
The workers afield, in science, in art,
Peace-circled and sheltered, shall join to create
The manifold life of the firm-built State.

Then, then shall the empire of right over wrong
Be shield to the weak and a curb to the strong;
Then justice prevail, and the battle flags furled,
The High Court of Nations give law to the world.

And thou, O my country, from many made one,
Last-born of the nations, at morning thy sun,
Arise to the place thou art given to fill,
And lead the world-triumph of Peace and Good-will.

¹ Reprinted by permission from "The Thought of God." The Beacon Press, Inc.

FRIENDS ACROSS THE SEA ¹

ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

LITTLE sisters of Japan,
Now is distance but a span—
Love has brought our spirits near,
We are there and you are here.

Our sky of yesterday you see.
Yet nearer still we twain shall be,
For Science, childhood's fairy, stands
With new wonders in her hands.

Soon we shall see your very faces,
Note your gayety and graces,
Hear your Laughter that rejoices,
Listen for your gentle voices.

We shall know your tender hearts,
We shall revel in your arts,
You shall help us live for Beauty
And the Loveliness of Duty

In the other each shall find
Something strong and true to bind
Firmer, till the years shall cease,
Our never-broken bond of Peace.

Then, at last, Good-will shall go
Farther than the radio,
And Love, where space was once a bar,
Shall follow Thought from star to star.

¹ Written by request as a greeting to the three million Japanese school children who in 1927 sent a Christmas gift of beautiful dolls in response to a similar gift from American Children at Cherry-blossom time. Reprinted from "Collected Poems." New Haven: Yale University Press.

GAMES ARE GAMES

ANNA L. CURTIS

You need not stay at home to play
The games you like the best,
For games are games, and played alike
From farthest East to West.

In every land there's "Hide and Seek",
Around the world goes "Tag",
Kites fly o'erhead in India,
And boys at marbles brag.

In Germany and Africa
Old "London Bridge" is played
While "Fox and Geese" and "Blind Man's Buff"
Please every Chinese maid.

And so, whatever games you like,
Don't fear to travel forth,
For games are games, and played the same
From farthest South to North.



THE TRUE BROTHERHOOD ¹

HARRISON HILL

No FRONTIERS exist in the world of true brothers;
Land limits of friendship can ne'er be o'er-run:
Nor mountains nor vale sever one from the others,
No oceans divide those whose hearts beat as one.

What weapons of warfare are needed by brothers?
Love, sympathy, truth are the weapons for you;
By labour and counsel, each one for all others,
You conquer, if but to yourselves ye are true.

Wake!—Wake! O mankind, for as yet ye are sleeping,
Awake to the sunlight that shines for us all;
Work! loving, belov'd, for the folk who are weeping,
And bear the world's burden and hear the world's call.

O strength of the world! O our Father and Master!
Let Thy daughters and sons make one great loving chain;
And ever that chain become vaster and vaster,
Till the whole human race shall be brothers again.

¹ Reprinted from "The Fellowship Hymn Book."

A SONG OF VICTORY¹

EDWARD MARKHAM

BUT now above the thunder of the drums—
Where, brightening on, the face of Victory comes—
Hark to a mighty sound,
A cry out of the ground:
“Let there be no more battles: field and flood
Are weary of battle blood.
Even the patient stones
Are weary of shrieking shells and dying groans.
Lay the sad swords asleep:
They have their fearful memories to keep.
And fold thy flags: they weary of battle days,
Weary of wild flights up the lonely ways.
Quiet the restless flags,
Grown strangely old upon the smoking crags.
Look where they startle and leap—
Look where they hollow and heap—
Now greatening into glory and now thinned,
Living and dying momentarily on the wind.
And bugles that have cried on sea and land
The silver blazon of their high command—
Bugles that held long parley with the sky—
Bugles that shattered the nights on battle walls,
Lay them to rest in dim memorial halls;
For they are weary of that curdling cry
That tells men how to die.
And cannons worn out with their work of hell—
The brief abrupt persuasion of the shell—
Let the shrewd spider lock them one by one,
With filmy cables glancing in the sun;
And let the blue-bird in their iron throats
Build his safe nest and spill his rippling notes.

“Let there be no more battles, men of earth:
The new age rises singing into birth!”

¹ Reprinted from “The Gates of Paradise,” Doubleday, Doran and Company.

SONG OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY¹

ELIZABETH LLOYD

“CHRIST in the heart and his love in the nations!”
Stronger are these than the gun or the sword;
Dawns the new day of our country's Salvation
Cleansed from her sins by the might of the Lord.
Christ in the human heart,
Teach us the better part,
Save us from treachery, battle and greed;
Love be the nation's word,
By every people heard,
Love for Humanity in its great need.

Angels of Bethlehem, sound your glad chorus,
Thrilling our souls by its message divine;
Warfare and carnage no more shall rule o'er us,
Brightly the star of our Saviour shall shine.
Star of the Prince of Peace,
Bring to us swift release,
Let not our brothers their brothers destroy:
Lead us to truly pray,
Show us the higher way,
Teach us that living for others is joy.

Flag of our fathers, float on in thy glory!
Always thy red stand for justice and law,
Ever thy white tell the sweet gospel story,
Never thy blue in its truth show a flaw,
And every lustrous star,
Shine from thy folds afar,
Over a people united and free;
Guarding this flag above,
Keep us, O God of love
Loyal to country, to manhood and Thee.

¹ Courtesy of the Peace Committee, Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of Friends.

A SONG OF PEACE

JOHN G. WHITTIER

SOUND over all waters, reach out from all lands,
The chorus of voices, the clasping of hands;
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the morn,
Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born!
With glad jubilations bring hope to the nations!
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun.

Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one.

Sing the bridal of nations! with chorals of love,
Sing out the war-vulture and sing in the dove,
Till the hearts of the peoples keep time in accord,
And the voice of the world is the voice of the Lord!
Clasp hands of the nations, in strong gratulations:
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun.

Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one.

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace;
East, west, north, and south let the long quarrel cease:
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,
Sing of glory to God and of goodwill to man!
Hark! joining in chorus, the heavens bend o'er us!
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun.

Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one.

CHRISTMAS BELLS

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

I HEARD the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
 And wild and sweet
 The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
 Had rolled along
 The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
 A voice, a chime,
 A chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Then from each black, accursed mouth
The cannon thundered in the South,
 And with the sound
 The carols drowned
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearthstones of a continent,
 And made forlorn
 The households born
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
 "For hate is strong,
 And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep ;
“ God is not dead ; nor doth He sleep !
 The Wrong shall fail,
 The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men ! ”

LOCKSLEY HALL

ALFRED TENNYSON

FOR I dipped into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would
be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly
bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a
ghastly dew

From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;
Far along the world-wide whisper of the southwind rushing
warm,

With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder-
storm;

Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags
were furled

In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm
in awe,

And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapped in universal law.

A NEW EARTH¹

JOHN OXENHAM

God grant us wisdom in these coming days,
And eyes unsealed, that we clear visions see
Of that new world that He would have us build,
To Life's ennoblement and His high ministry.

God give us sense,—God-sense of Life's new needs,
And souls aflame with new-born chivalries—
To cope with those black growths that foul the ways,—
To cleanse our poisoned founts with God-born energies.

To pledge our souls with nobler, loftier life,
To win the world to His fair sanctities,
To bind the nations in a Pact of Peace,
And free the Soul of Life for finer loyalties.

Not since Christ died upon His lonely cross
Has Time such prospect held of Life's new birth;
Not since the world of chaos first was born
Has man so clearly visaged hope of a new earth.

Not of our own can we hope to rise
Above the ruts and soilures of the past,
But, with His help who did the first earth build,
With hearts courageous we may fairer build this last.

¹ Reprinted from "The Vision Splendid," Doubleday, Doran and Company.

“A VOICE FROM THE WEST”¹

ALFRED AUSTIN

WHAT is the Voice I hear
On the wind of the Western Sea?
Sentinel! listen from out Cape Clear,
And say what the voice may be.
“ ’Tis a proud, free People calling loud
To a People proud and free.

“And it says to them, ‘Kinsmen, hail!
We severed have been too long;
Now let us have done with a worn-out tale,
The tale of an ancient wrong,
And our friendship last long as Love doth last,
And be stronger than Death is strong.’ ”

Answer them, Sons of the self-same race,
And blood of the self-same clan,
Let us speak with each other, face to face,
And answer, as man to man,
And loyally love and trust each other,
As none but free men can.

Now, fling them out to the breeze,
Shamrock, Thistle, and Rose!
And the Star-Spangled Banner unfurl with these,
A message to friends and foes,
Wherever the sails of Peace are seen,
And wherever the War-wind blows.

A message to bond and thrall to wake,
For, whenever we come, we twain,
The Throne of the Tyrant shall rock and quake,
And his menace be void and vain:
For you are lords of a strong young land,
And we are lords of the main.

¹ Reprinted by permission of Macmillan and Company, Ltd., London.

Yes, this is the Voice on the bluff March gale,
 "We severed have been too long:
But now we have done with a worn-out tale,
 The tale of an ancient wrong,
And our friendship shall last as Love doth last,
 And be stronger than Death is strong."

DISARMAMENT

JOHN G. WHITTIER

“PUT up the sword!” The voice of Christ once more
Speaks, in the pauses of the cannon’s roar,
O’er fields of corn by fiery sickles reaped
And left dry ashes; over trenches heaped
With nameless dead; o’er cities starving slow
Under a rain of fire; through wards of woe
Down which a groaning diapason runs
From tortured brothers, husbands, lovers, sons
Of desolate women in their far-off homes,
Waiting to hear the step that never comes!
O men and brothers! let that voice be heard.
War fails, try peace; put up the useless sword!

Fear not the end. There is a story told
In Eastern tents, when autumn nights grow cold,
And round the fire the Mongol shepherds sit
With grave responses listening unto it:
Once, on the errands of his mercy bent,
Buddha, the holy and benevolent,
Met a fell monster, huge and fierce of look,
Whose awful voice the hills and forests shook.
“O son of peace” the giant cried, “thy fate
Is sealed at last, and love shall yield to hate.”
The unarmed Buddha looking, with no trace
Of fear or anger, in the monster’s face,
In pity said: “Poor fiend, even thee I love.”
Lo! as he spake the sky-tall terror sank,
To hand-breadth size; the huge abhorrence shrank
Into the form and fashion of a dove;
And where the thunder of its rage was heard,
Circling above him sweetly sang the bird:
“Hate hath no harm for love,” so ran the song;
“And peace unweaponed conquers every wrong!”

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

THIS is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rises the burnished arms;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the death-angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal Miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

.

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The battling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts:

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, 'Peace!'

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

THE PEOPLE'S THANKSGIVING ¹

WILLIAM P. MERRILL

Not alone for mighty empire,
Stretching far o'er land and sea;
Not alone for bounteous harvests,
Lift we up our hearts to Thee:
Standing in the living present,
Mem-o-ry and hope between,
Lord, we would with deep thanksgiving
Praise Thee more for things unseen.

Not for battle-ship and fortress,
Not for conquests of the sword,
But for conquests of the spirit,
Give we thanks to Thee, O Lord.
For the heritage of freedom,
For the home, the church, the school;
For the open door to manhood
In a land the people rule;

For the armies of the faithful,
Lives that passed and left no name;
For the glory that illumines
Patriot souls of deathless fame;
For the people's prophet-leaders,
Loyal to Thy living work;
For all heroes of the spirit,
Give we thanks to Thee, O Lord.

God of justice, save the people
From the war of race and creed;
From the strife of class and faction
Make our nation free indeed;
Keep her faith in simple manhood
Strong as when her life began,
Till it finds its full fruition
In the brotherhood of man.

¹ Reprinted from "The Fellowship Hymn Book."

RECESSIONAL

RUDYARD KIPLING

God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle line—
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust,
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boasts and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord.

1914—AND AFTER¹

JAMES OPPENHEIM

WOULD you end war?
Create great Peace . . .

But that which we call Peace?
This monstrous machine that weakens millions in factories,
This lust of money for its own sake: to swell one's social
 stomach larger than one's neighbor's . . .
This poor little personal strife and family pride,
This softness of muscle and cowardice of spirit . . .
Is this Peace?
Is merely keeping alive, Peace?
Better the young die greatly than live weakly . . .

Would you end war?
Create great Peace . . .
The Peace that demands all of a man,
His love, his life, his veriest self;
Plunge him in the smelting fires of a work that becomes
 his child,
Coerce him to be himself at all hazards: with the toil and the
 mating that belong to him:
Compel him to serve . . .
Give him a hard Peace: a Peace of discipline and justice . . .
Kindle him with vision, invite him to joy and adventure:
Set him to work, not to create things
But to create men:
Yea, himself.

Go search your heart, America . . .
Turn from the machine to man,
Build, while there is yet time, a creative Peace . . .
While there is yet time! . . .
For if you reject great Peace,
As surely as vile living brings disease,
So surely shall your selfishness bring war.

¹ Reprinted from "War and Laughter." Copyright, 1921, by The Century Company.

THE PYRES¹

HERMANN HAGEDORN, JR. ..

PYRES in the night, in the night!
And roaring yellow and red.
"Trooper, trooper, why so white?"
"We are out to gather our dead.
We have brought dry boughs from the bloody wood
And the torn hill-side;
We have felled great trunks, wet with blood
Of brothers that died;
We have piled them high for a flaming bed,
Hemlock and ash and pine for a bed,
A throne in the night, a throne for a bed;
And we go to gather our dead.

"There where the oaks loom, dark and high,
Over the sombre hill,
Body on body, cold and still,
Under the stars they lie.
There where the silver river runs,
Careless and calm as fate,
Mowed, mowed by the terrible guns,
The stricken brothers wait.
There by the smoldering house, and there
Where the red smoke hangs on the heavy air,
Under the ruins, under the hedge,
Cheek by cheek at the forest-edge;
Back to breast, three men deep,
Hearing not bugle or drum,
In the desperate trench they died to keep,
Under the starry dome they sleep,
Murmuring, 'Brothers, come!'

"This way! I heard a call
Like a stag's when he dies.
Under the willows I saw him fall.
Under the willows he lies.

¹ Reprinted from *The Outlook* by permission.

Give me your hand. Raise him up.
Lift his head. Strike a light.
This morning we shared a crust and a cup.
He wants no supper to-night.
Take his feet. Here the shells
Broke all day long.
Moaning and shrieking hell's
Bacchanalian song!
Last night he helped me bear
Men to hell's feting.
To-morrow, maybe, somewhere,
We, too, shall lie waiting."

Pyres in the night, in the night!
Weary and sick and dumb,
Under the flickering, faint starlight
The drooping gleaners come.
Out of the darkness, dim
Shadowy shadow-bearers,
Dragging into the bale-fire's rim
Pallid death-farers.

Pyres in the night, in the night!
In the plain, on the hill.
No volleys for their last rite.
We need our powder—to kill.
High on their golden bed,
Pile up the dead!

Pyres in the night, in the night!
Torches, piercing the gloom!
Look! How the sparks take flight!
Stars, stars, make room!

Smoke, that was bone and blood!
Hark! The deep roar!
It is the souls telling God
The glory of WAR!

ESSAYS



IS WAR EVER RIGHT? ¹

ROSCOE TRUEBLOOD

IS WAR ever right? Is there ever a time when it is justifiable? The lowest possible standard by which we measure any human conduct is by the test, "It is right if it works." Does war work? Does it accomplish its purpose?

Let us see what are some of the purposes or aims of war. We were told in 1918 that "this was a war to end war" but thinking men realize that, with the possible exceptions of the League of Nations and the World Court, we are not one step nearer world peace than in the pre-war days. We have heard war defended on the ground that our Revolution of 1776 gave us freedom, but this freedom came only at the end of a long and costly struggle, while Canada and Australia have achieved virtual independence and happiness without the shedding of one drop of blood. We are told that war protects our womanhood, and the weak and helpless. But how has war protected the weak? By outraging and slaughtering them, by rendering them homeless and destitute.

And even as a business proposition war does not work. Financial statements show that even the most victorious nations receive comparatively nothing in return for the billions of dollars that they expended for war. The victorious nation is numbered with the vanquished. This may well be exemplified in the case of Germany and the United States. As a result of the great war Germany owes the United States millions of dollars and having no money she must pay in commodities. But if Germany begins shipping an over amount of goods to our country, our markets will be glutted, our laborers thrown out of work, our business paralyzed and industry brought to a standstill. Harold H. Moulton of the University of Chicago

¹ A part of an oration entitled "Preparation for Peace."

has said, "Germany can not pay her debt to the United States; but if she does try to pay it the United States will not let her do it."

But to this great financial loss of war add its tremendous sacrifice of human life. Think of it! Millions of lives and billions of dollars expended inevitably at a dead loss. Does war work? Does it pay dividends in dollars and cents? Get your answer from six of the world's greatest nations, victors or vanquished, bankrupt from war. Does it lead to social progress or added happiness to humanity? Ask the countless widows and orphans of devastated Belgium if war works. Go to the survivors of war, famine, and pestilence in shell-swept Poland and ask if war works. War either as a business proposition or as a cure for social evil and unrest is the blackest failure that this world has ever known. Thus I say that even when measured by the lowest possible standard, war is wrong.

The highest standard by which we measure any human conduct is the ethical teachings of Christ. The great and lowly Nazarene plead for "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men." Is it "Peace on earth" when nations hurl millions of men into deadly conflict and certain destruction? Is it "goodwill toward men" that brings death to ten million women and children by starvation and disease? Is it the spirit of "peace and goodwill" that impels our country to seek added munitions and engines of destruction? No! The practice of war violates the sacred teaching of Christ at every turn. Glenn Frank, President of the University of Wisconsin, has said, "Warfare even in defense of a righteous cause is a spiritually destructive process." And yet despite the fact that war brings us only unhappiness and poverty, or that it is unchristian, we the citizens of the United States are driving steadily on in a policy that can lead to nothing but war.

Already those who participated in the great war are beginning to forget the awfulness of such wholesale slaughter of human life. The public is again responding to the argu-

ment of the military proponent and the jingo who say that preparedness insures peace. The American people are falling victim to the same subtle propaganda and half-truth that blinded the world in 1914.

We must act and act swiftly if we are to avert another and more fearful tragedy. America guided by a righteous public opinion must be the first to take a stand for real world co-operation. The voice of the people counts much in this great democracy of ours and whether or not our country can wield this God-given influence, therefore, depends upon the people, upon you and upon me. And with this realization the time has come when every thinking man and woman must pronounce war wrong; justifiable under no circumstances. May we, as loyal citizens of a Christian nation, combine our every effort toward the maintenance of human welfare the world over. May we, in the true spirit of the Man of Galilee, declare ourselves against any system that retards or destroys this welfare, so that the teacher, the governmental official, that Americans everywhere may contribute to the furtherance of social progress, happiness and peace.

CRUSADERS ALL

B. BRADFIELD

IN THE old days in Europe a great fear swept the land. It was the fear of a horde of turbulent men coming out of the East and sweeping across to the West, leaving misery and desolation in their train. But grief and indignation were added to the fear, for these masses of men were infidels and into their irreverent hands had fallen the Holy Places of the Christians, the places made sacred by the life and death of the Lord of Love.

Then, like the wind of the Spirit, came a whisper to the ears of Christian folk, a vision came to their hearts and they saw themselves as heroes, rescuing from the unworthy infidels the precious possessions of their faith. They were to be the saviours of their sacred heritage, crusaders in a holy cause.

To rich and poor, cultured and simple, came the call. It seized upon them, welding all their thoughts and forces into one solemn purpose. Private quarrels were forgotten, petty warfare ceased and with one mind they pressed forward, passionately intent on their goal.

Never before in history had men of many nations and many tongues joined together in one common cause, inspired by one common purpose. They had to resist attack, to be on the watch for treachery, to suffer hardship and death, but still the vision shone clear before their eyes. To them was to be given the prize of their high calling, the "Well Done" that outlives death.

In such crusading spirit might we today set our steadfast eyes towards a high goal, the winning of universal peace. Out of the devastation wrought by war might we, by our concentrated purposes, wrest the countries we love. Into the haven of world peace might we draw all men, toiling together as

brothers to transform into reality the vision gleaming before us.

Are not we the crusaders, we boys and girls growing up today to be the men and women of tomorrow? If we, hundreds and thousands of us, would unite in one common purpose, could anything in the world check us? And what if our goal be universal peace?

Do we want it? Do we long for it? Do we know it to be a God-given gift,—ours to hold secure from the clutch of those who would wrench it from us, even as the Crusaders sought to save and to hold the Holy Places? As they did, too, must we stand fast against attack, be on our guard against treachery, present a firm front to all the mistaken ideas in the world today.

But in the measure of our faith will be our strength. We shall be like those pioneers of an inspired poem, to whom

“Came the whisper, came the vision, came the power with
need,
And the soul that was not man’s soul was given us to lead”

In that strength, sure of the rightness of our cause, might we go forward. Every boy and girl of us might pledge ourselves to this great ideal, knowing that countless others across the seas join us. Do we not hope to live our lives secure from sudden disaster and death? Are we to spend our days, now, training our minds, exercising our bodies for the only purpose that, in the prime of manhood, we may be crushed out of existence by the juggernaut of war? Has not life something more glorious than that to offer us? Yes! a thousand times, Yes! but the first necessity is universal peace.

How then can we secure this peace, how work for it? By setting our faces resolutely towards it and directing all our thoughts to that end. By putting determined hands to the plough and never looking back. By supporting ardently every movement towards the desired goal.

We may spread wide the whisper: "Peace shall reign everywhere under the sun and it is we who will set it on the throne of the world". We may pass on to all others the vision we have glimpsed, that we and they may not be disobedient to it.

In that vision we see lives of the future joyous and free, unshadowed by the fear of war. We see lives filled with opportunities for doing great deeds, undisturbed by the sudden call to arms. We see lives of beauty, wherein art and music may find full expression, unmarred by war's brutality. We see lives devoted to science, to invention and discovery, unchecked by the destroying power of militarism. We see lives spent in spanning the ocean, cultivating the land and conquering the air, all energies directed towards constructive ends, freed from the menace of war's destruction. We see lives absorbed in the quest for radiant health, passing from one victory to the next, unchecked by the enemy of disease let loose by war, undiscouraged by broken bodies mocking the civilisation of centuries. We see lives exultant in a glorious fight with the unfriendly forces of nature, bending to the human will the might of earthquake, fire, flood and famine, and expending in the struggle all the splendid fighting energy of mankind. We see lives given to the service of others, to the healing and helping of the world.

This is our vision. Shall we not be crusaders and make it a reality by ousting war from our world and enthroning peace in its stead?

UNKNOWN¹

BRUCE BARTON

FROM the grave of the Unknown Soldier the crowds melted away. The great men of the nations, who had stood there bareheaded, stepped into their cars and were whirled back to town. The music of the bands grew faint and ceased.

All afternoon little parties of curious, reverent folk came and stopped, and went on again until finally only the guard remained. The day ended. Night came silently and threw over the grave the healing mantle of darkness.

Then a strange thing happened!

Three dim figures from nowhere gathered and stood uncovered beside the tomb. No word of greeting passed between them; they seemed to know each other well. Slowly, one after another, they stooped and read the freshly carved inscription. Then the oldest spoke.

"Things are improving a bit for us Unknown," he said. "I fought with Leonidas at Thermopylae. We fell side by side, we and the other two hundred and ninety-nine. Our bones are mingled with the dust and rocks. No one marked our resting place. Our names have perished, but we held the pass.

"My mother wept when I failed to return," he continued. "Night after night she waited at the window until it was foolish to hope any longer. Then she, too, wanted to die. But the neighbors came in and cheered her. 'You have given a son to save your country,' they cried. 'The Persians are driven back and Greece is freed. He died, but he left us a better world.' "

The Unknown paused for a moment, his voice grew dull and hard.

¹ Reprinted from *Gas Logic* by permission.

"The Romans swept over the Greece that I died for," he said. "The barbarians swept over Rome. I sometimes wonder whether it was worth while to die at twenty-eight—to sleep at Thermopylae, unknown."

"I fought with Charles Martel at Tours," the second soldier said. "We turned back the Arab hosts; we saved Europe from Mohammedanism; we kept it a Christian continent."

"'It is splendid,' they said to my mother, 'splendid to sacrifice a son on the altar of peace and good-will.'"

"That was twelve hundred years ago," the second soldier said. "And where is the peace that we died for? Where is the faith? The good-will?"

The third Unknown had stood with Wellington at Waterloo. It was a high enthusiasm that had carried him there—the vision of a world free from tyranny and wrong. He fell and was buried in a trench, under a rude cross marked "Unknown."

"We thought it was to be the world's last great battle," he said. "There would be no more wars, no more youthful lives snuffed out, no more mothers waiting and weeping at home."

"But a century went by and there came a war beside which ours seemed a little thing. Our friend over whom the bands played to-day was one of millions who gave their lives. Men have heaped honors on him such as we never had. Do the honors mean that the hearts of men have changed, I wonder? They broke faith with us; will they keep faith with him?"

The three dim figures disappeared. The moon stood guard over the silent grave. In the East the first rays of the morning crept into the sky. They reached out vaguely, hesitatingly, touching the city of Washington where men were to gather that day to speak of peace—touching an inscription which the nation had cut in the stone above the body of its unknown soldier.

A solemn inscription; a nation's promise that he who lies there dead shall not have died in vain.

The world has made that promise before; all its unknown dead have died in that faith. And the promise has died with them.

Will it die again?

We told that boy when he marched away that he was fighting a war to end all wars. He fell, believing; and we have buried him and carved an inscription over his tomb.

But the real inscription will not be written on any stone; it will stand in the dictionaries of the future. Only by writing it thus can the world keep faith with the long sad procession of its unknown heroes whom it has lied to and cheated and fooled.

This will be the inscription:

WAR
AN ARMED CONTEST BETWEEN NATIONS—
NOW OBSOLETE
UNKNOWN

THE ABOLITION OF WAR¹

SHERWOOD EDDY

LET us at the outset attempt to clear the air by definition. War is a means of attempting to settle international or civil disputes, by armed military forces, through the organized destruction of life and property, in which each side seeks to impose its will upon the other by force. War is a means and not an end. An adequate police force is necessary. Force should be used, however, under judicial sanction. I do not believe in the lawless and destructive use of force to settle differences between individuals, states or nations. Courts are already in existence to settle all such differences.

I believe that modern war is always wrong, and that it is wrong for three reasons. It is wrong in its methods, it is wrong in its results, it is un-Christian.

I believe that war is wrong in its methods for:

War employs the methods of ruthless military necessity, under an irresponsible national sovereignty, where might makes right.

War employs the method of reprisals and counter-reprisals, atrocities and counter-atrocities. In its very nature, war is retaliation under the sway of passion.

War victimizes both sides by a distorted propaganda. We cannot successfully run a modern war if we tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. We must always carefully suppress two sets of facts: all generous statements about the foe and all unfavorable reports about ourselves and "our glorious allies."

War is wrong in its results because it is intrinsically, inevitably and utterly destructive. It is destructive of ma-

¹ A statement issued by Sherwood Eddy, General Executive Officer, Foreign Division, Y. M. C. A., giving his position on the subject of war.

terial wealth, of human life and of moral standards. In the end it is futile and suicidal.

It destroys material wealth and prosperity. If we had paid \$20,000 an hour from the birth of Christ until the end of 1925, the war would not yet have been paid for. We burned up \$9,000,000 an hour, or \$215,000,000 a day, in the World War, and destroyed the equivalent of the endowment of a great University like Columbia every five hours.

War is destructive of human life, the most priceless thing on earth. Professor Bogart estimates 26,000,000 combatants and non-combatants as the total death toll of the war. This would mean a city of 16,585, like Ithaca, blotted out every day of the war. To this must be added: 20,000,000 wounded, 9,000,000 war orphans, 5,000,000 war widows, and 10,000,000 refugees.

War is destructive of moral standards. It has been well said that the first casualty of war is truth; the next is love, then follows liberty, then justice.

War is un-Christian.—

Speaking for myself, I have to come to the conclusion that modern war is always wrong. It is wrong in its METHODS, as giving free rein to an irresponsible national sovereignty under a military necessity that knows no law, where might makes right and the moral law is abrogated; in employing untruth and deceptive half-truth as the essential methods of a distorted propaganda; and in the creation of hatred, leading inevitably to retaliation, reprisals, and atrocities. It is wrong in its RESULTS as intrinsically and inevitably destructive—of material wealth, of human life and of moral standards. It is, moreover, futile and suicidal. Therefore war is un-Christian and morally wrong, as the utter negation of Jesus' way of life, the utmost antithesis to all his teaching, the denial of his cross and of the ultimate nature of God himself, as love.

Upon these grounds I renounce war. I will take no part in

it. I will not sanction or bless any future war between nations. I will strive with a large and rapidly increasing number of Christians to lead the Church to excommunicate it, that the state may finally outlaw it and make it as illegal as slavery, the duel, highway robbery or private murder. I will strive with all men of goodwill for the removal of the causes of war, the creation of an international mind and a growing sense of world brotherhood, and for the strengthening of such international agencies of justice as the World Court and the League of Nations.

Joyfully we will cast in our lot with Jesus and his way of life and stake our lives upon his way of love and moral suasion. In finally accepting his way of life for all things and for all time, I have found stable moral equilibrium. For the rest, I believe his principles will work in so far as we honestly apply them, as well in our lives as in his. He is what I mean by success, and his cross is what I mean by victory.

“Happy are the makers of peace for they shall be called the sons of God.” The Son of God goes forth—to peace! Who follows in His train?

THE NEW KIND OF HERO

RUFUS M. JONES

WE USED to suppose that *heroes* were to be found only in the ranks of armies. Heroes were persons who led troops of soldiers, or wore armor, or did great deeds in war. When the word was mentioned one thought of Alexander, or Hannibal, or Caesar, or Charlemagne, or Richard Coeur de Lion, or Napoleon, or some other great captain or general. Only one person in history has ever been called "Great" who was not a soldier. That was Albertus Magnus—Albert the Great—who was one of the greatest scholars and teachers in the thirteenth century. Here was at last a man who was called "Great" just because he knew more than anybody else and because he could teach better than any other teacher.

There were two men in history who became famous as heroes not because they were soldiers, but because they did beautiful deeds of love and kindness in the midst of battles. One of them was Sir Philip Sidney. When he was mortally wounded on the battle-field of Gutphen, and was faint from loss of blood some one brought him a cup of water to relieve his thirst and he handed it over to a poor common soldier who lay dying near by, saying as he did so: "Thy need of the water is greater than mine." The other hero was the French Knight Bayard, who died in 1524, and who was counted a hero not because he was a warrior, but because he was pure and good and noble and lived "without fear and without reproach" all his days.

Nearly everybody is now coming to see that the greatest heroes in the world are not men who fight in battles and who kill other men in war. They are quiet heroes who do noble deeds, and who are brave in other ways than in bloody war-

fare. The boy who kept the water from breaking the dyke in Holland, and who thus saved the country from a destructive flood by risking himself at the point of danger in a great crisis, was a hero though he never saw a battle-field. The colored elevator boy who ran his car up and down the elevator-shaft in the burning building at the risk of his own life, in order to save those who were imprisoned by the flames in an upper story, was a hero though he never had a uniform or carried a flag. The telephone girl who stayed at her post when a great flood was threatening to engulf the town, and who hazarded her life to warn the citizens to flee to the hills, was a heroine even though she wore no armor and fired no gun.

Two boys were going up a stair-way in a great factory. One of them had a lighted cigarette in his hand. He threw it into what he thought was a bucket of water on the window-ledge by the stair-way. It was not water; it was naphtha, and it suddenly burst into flames, which leaped up the stair-case and threatened the whole factory. The boy turned and fled for his life back down the stairs and out into the street. The other boy, without ever thinking of himself, rushed up through the flames and saved all the workers who were on the floor above. Neither boy stopped to think. One was a coward by habit and the other boy was a hero by second-nature and by inward spirit.

Some of the finest heroes in the world are persons who show love and kindness to those who have injured them or done them harm. Dr. Harvey Howard, a missionary in China, is a fine example of this beautiful heroism. He was captured and carried off into the mountains by a lot of fierce bandits who held him for a great ransom. The chief of the bandits came down with a terrible disease called "trachoma" and which generally ends in blindness. Dr. Howard sat up all night and worked over the bandit chief who was in great agony of pain, and the skillful doctor saved the eyes of his captor. This act

of kindness melted the heart of the hard old bandit and he became as gentle as a child. He told the doctor that he was forever done being a bandit and that he wanted to spend the rest of his life as a servant and body-guard to the man who had saved his eyes!

There is a little man in India, named Gandhi. He is called "Mahatma," which means, "the great souled one," He is loved by millions of men and women and children not because he is a war-hero, but because he is a hero of love and kindness. He believes that love is the greatest force in the world and that the greatest heroes of the future will be those who love best and who are the most unselfish. Perhaps some day we, too, in America, will have our own "Mahatmas"—our great souled heroes.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

WILLIAM I. HULL

THE first thing that I see in our country's flag is the marvelous march of civilization—unparalleled in the world's history—across this vast and virgin continent. Accompanying that march I see the courage which enabled the pioneer to face the peril of wild beasts and brutish men, and the devotion to high ideals which enabled the farmer and laborer of every kind to endure the hardships of a toilsome, lonely, and bare existence. Even in these days of prosperity and material wealth I see the same daring and persistent determination to bend every force of nature to the use and comfort of man. And, united with this somewhat materialistic ideal, I see other and higher ideals, the realization of which depends largely upon material progress.

Education is one of those other ideals—and education which shall be extended to all boys and girls, no matter how poor or lowly they may be, and which shall carry them, if they have the capacity to utilize it, from the kindergarten through the university. In pursuit of this ideal the early colonists made the schoolhouse one of their very first buildings; statesmen of a later day have lavished the public land and public revenue upon the public schools, and public-spirited citizens have given vast sums of money to the promotion of lower and higher education alike.

Coupled with this ideal is another one—that education is to be provided for every boy and girl, not solely for the sake of their own development and prosperity, but primarily that they may become good citizens, capable and desirous of rendering helpful service to others in both their public and their private life. It is this great twofold educational ideal of

which I think first, as I look upon the flag as it floats over schoolhouse and college.

Beside the schoolhouse the early colonists planted the meeting-house or church. Although there was a brief period of religious persecution in some sections of our land, religious liberty soon became a cardinal principle of our fathers. No so-called religious wars have disgraced our country's history; and far from seeing in our flag the emblem of such warfare, I see in it the symbol of religious liberty, the emblem of freedom and protection to every form and manner of religious belief which manifests itself in peaceful and harmless ways. Protection of the church and chapel, the synagogue, the meeting-house of every kind, and promotion of the service of God and his children, for which they stand—this is one of the brightest stars in our flag's constellation.

The successful inauguration of popular self-government—government of the people, by the people, and for the people—forms another and one of the proudest pages in our country's history. Immigrant and native alike are enrolled in the ranks of a common citizenship; they go together to the polls, where heads are counted and not broken as they are on battlefields, and where the people decide for themselves who shall make their laws and execute them, and usually, indeed, what laws they shall make.

Abraham Lincoln gave expression to this ideal when he said that no man was good enough or wise enough to rule over another man without that other man's consent. Although the people sometimes make mistakes and follow the wrong leaders, we can still accept as true another of Lincoln's sayings: "You can fool all of the people some of the time, and some of the people all of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time."

Is it not a truly glorious inspiration to see in our country's flag this lesson which it was first to teach the modern world:

that the people can rule themselves and that on the whole they will rule wisely and well?

Another political ideal which our fathers have realized, side by side with that of self-government, is the ideal of union. Every township, city, county, and State in our great continental domain is ruled by its own people; and yet, from Maine to California, from Dakota to Texas, we are all united in a single national government. This problem of *e pluribus unum*, of making one out of many, of creating a strong national government and at the same time leaving self-government in the hands of the people in their local communities, is one of the most difficult political problems which men have ever been called upon to solve. And yet how marvellously did our fathers solve it! How strong are the forces which bind our people together in the national Union, and how perfect is the governmental machinery which has been provided to meet their needs and solve their problems!

The Stars and Stripes themselves bear visible testimony to the triumph of this great American ideal; for while the thirteen stripes commemorate the union of the thirteen original commonwealths, a new star is added to the field of blue for each new State admitted to the Union, until at length forty-eight shine within its firmament.

It is the realization of the ideal of union in so marvellous a way that gives us great hopes for the speedy realization of the last American ideal of which I shall speak.

One of the greatest secretaries of state, John Hay, has expressed the true American feeling in regard to warfare among nations in these stern but wholly truthful words: "War," he said, "is the most ferocious and futile of human follies." It was also this same great statesman who, in his instructions to the American delegates to the First Hague Conference, said: "Next to the great fact of a nation's *independence* is the great fact of its *interdependence*."

International peace and interdependence—such are the

foundations upon which our ideal of internationalism must be realized. What country is better fitted to take the lead in the realization of this ideal, and what generation of American citizens can be more bound than the present one to strive their utmost for its realization? America's history is rich indeed in the realization of high ideals, and the American flag is radiant with the reflection of them.

THE WAYS OF PEACE¹

A FEW centuries ago every man decided for himself what was right and attempted to defend his rights, or to win his desires, by force. The result was that people were continually fighting; the strong were ever oppressing the weak; and neither property, home, nor life was safe. When every man carried weapons, private broils were an everyday occurrence. But as nations became more civilized, individual citizens gradually turned over to the government the duty of capturing and punishing law-breakers. Instead of settling personal differences by the sword or the pistol, civilized men have learned to submit their troubles to courts and juries, which administer justice and make personal fighting unnecessary. The very carrying of concealed weapons is now against the law, and a civilized nation punishes a man whenever he commits violence except in defense of his property, his person, or his life.

As the world becomes more enlightened and people learn how much better it is to decide personal troubles by peaceful means rather than by force, we may hope that the nations themselves will also learn to settle their differences in similar ways. One great difficulty exists. Within each nation there are authorities which can compel individual citizens to submit their quarrels to the courts. But there are no international policemen or marshals who can insist that disputes between nations shall be settled by peaceful means. Each independent nation has usually been a law unto itself. No authority can compel the United States, or Spain, or Germany, or Turkey to do right or to refrain from doing wrong. To any such

¹ Reprinted from "Literature and Living," by Lyman and Hill. Copyright, 1925, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

outside power nations have not been willing to yield their sovereignty.

Moreover, nations, like private citizens of long ago, carry arms. Whenever two nations are armed and ready for combat, there is grave danger that war will occur when difficulties arise. Realizing this, and knowing that one nation cannot be expected to disarm while others maintain military and naval forces, the civilized peoples of the world are entering upon a program of gradual and proportional disarmament. In this program the United States, Great Britain, Japan, Italy, and France have made a notable beginning, the fulfillment of which holds great promise for the future peace of the world. Many people also expect great good from the League of Nations.

We see, then, that no one has as yet been able to persuade nations to give up their ancient practice of settling disputes by force of arms. It may be that in the future, when the program of cooperative endeavor to avoid strife has been carried to completion, a time will come when wars and rumors of wars shall cease from the earth. Indeed, unless international peace is firmly established, civilization itself is threatened with destruction.

In the meantime every honorable nation, especially if it be a strong nation, will do its best to commit no wrong, will hesitate to use force if any other possible way of securing justice exists, and will cultivate by every means in its power the friendship of all other nations. In so far as nations learn to settle their differences peacefully, to that extent will Peace and Good Will, Mercy and Justice become the keynotes in a civilized world made up of nations of honor.

HOW THE WORLD IS FED¹

WILLIAM JOSEPH SHOWALTER, D. SC.

COULD we, like the great French writer, Maupassant, turn loose our fancy as we dine, we could see a great army of men and women working that we might eat. The appetites of men now levy tribute upon all the continents and all the seas, and where once all roads led to Rome, now they come directly to our dinner-tables.

Let us sit down to dinner, go over the menu, and try to list all those who have assisted in the preparation of our meal.

At the top of the list come olives and salted nuts. The olives perhaps are from Spain, the almonds from California, and the pecans from Texas. The salt on the nuts was prepared in New York State. The celery came from Michigan.

Then comes the soup. Without a cook-book at hand, I shall not pose as an authority on soup, but if the waiter brings us Chesapeake Bay clam chowder, it certainly will contain some pepper from Africa and other ingredients from far and wide.

Our fish is salmon from Alaska, and our prime ribs of beef came to our table through the Kansas City "packing-town." Our potatoes came from Maine, our boiled rice from China, our string beans from Florida, and our tomatoes from Maryland.

Next comes the salad. It contains—if a man may guess at the contents of salads and dressings—Mexican peppers, Hawaiian pineapple, Sicilian cherries, Pennsylvania lettuce, Iowa eggs, Spanish olive oil, Ohio vinegar, California mustard, and Guiana red pepper.

When the ice-cream is served, we eat Virginia cream, Cuban sugar, Equadorian vanilla, and Mexican chocolate.

¹ Used by permission of the *National Geographic Magazine*.

The cake that goes with it contains butter from Illinois, flour from Minneapolis, made from wheat grown in North Dakota and baking-powder from Pennsylvania.

If we are fastidious about coffee, we will have both Turkish Arabia and Dutch Java; if we are only folk of every-day taste, we will content ourselves with the Brazilian product.

When we come to reckon up those who have helped produce the raw materials of which our foods are made, we find the clouted African savage and the American stock grower; the South American Indian and the California truck farmer; the Javanese coffee picker and the Virginia dairyman; the turbaned Arabian and the New York orchardist; the Chinese coolie and the Dakota wheat farmer; the Mexican peon and the Chesapeake Bay fisherman; the Porto Rican planter and the Hawaiian sugar grower; the Spanish olive packer and the Alaskan Eskimo fisherman.

But we have neglected the matter of transportation. Our food comes to us on the heads of Indians, on the backs of donkeys, drawn in carts by huge water buffaloes, aboard the "ship of the desert," on wheelbarrows propelled by Chinese coolies. Steamships, railroad trains, auto trucks, and delivery cars have all played a part in the great work of catering to discriminating appetites.

Truly the person who dines well ought to be a deep student of geography; for all races, all nationalities, all types of people, all points of the compass, all latitudes—continent, island, river, and sea—all must come to him as he looks over the bill of fare and tries to find those foods that delight his palate.

CHIEF JOSEPH'S SPEECH¹

CHIEF JOSEPH of the Nez Perces tribe in Oregon tried in vain to have justice and maintain peace with the United States government. (The government had commanded Joseph to leave his tribal lands and go on a reservation.) Finally after brave resistance General Howard and General Miles drove his tribe from their loved homes.

The following clear cut philosophy, he put down in writing some years ago:

"If the white man wants to live in peace with the Indian, he can live in peace. There need be no trouble. Treat all men alike. Give them all the same law. Give them all an even chance to live and grow. All men were made by the same Great Spirit Chief. They are all brothers. The Earth is the mother of all people, and all people should have equal rights upon it. You might as well expect the rivers to run backward as that any man who was born a free man should be contented when penned up and denied liberty to go where he pleases. If you tie a horse to a stake, do you expect him to grow fat? If you pen an Indian up on a small spot of earth and compel him to stay there he will not be contented, nor will he grow and prosper. I have asked some of the great white chiefs where they get their authority to say to the Indian he shall stay in one place, while he sees white men going where they please. They can not tell me.

"When I think of our condition my heart is heavy. I see men of my race treated as outlaws and driven from country to country or shot down like animals.

"I know my race must change. We cannot hold our own with the white man as we are. We can only ask an even chance

¹Reprinted from "Book of Indian Braves," by Kate D. Sweetser, Harper Brothers.

to live as other men live. We ask to be recognized as men. We ask that the same law shall work alike on all men. If the Indian breaks the law, punish him by the law. If the white man breaks the law, punish him also.

“Let me be a free man,—free to travel, free to stop, free to work, free to trade where I choose, free to choose my own teachers, free to follow the religion of my fathers, free to think and talk, and act for myself—and I will obey every law or submit to the penalty.

“Whenever the white man treats the Indian as they treat each other, then we will have no more wars. We shall all be alike—brothers of one father and one mother, with one sky above us, and one country around us, and one government for all. Then the Great Spirit Chief who rules above will smile upon this land, and send rain to wash out the bloody spots made by brothers' hands from the face of the earth. For this time the Indian race is waiting and praying. I hope that no more groans of wounded men and women will ever go to the ear of the Great Spirit Chief above, and that all people may be one people.”

AMERICAN EXPERIMENTS IN DISARMAMENT

WILLIAM I. HULL

ARMAMENTS are often called "insurance against war." Both history and reason show what a fatal mistake is this belief. Ancient Sparta and ancient Rome believed it; both of them devoted their chief resources to preparing for war, hence both of them engaged in perpetual warfare, and both of them perished by the sword. Modern France and Prussia, under Napoleon's and Bismarck's lead, accepted this belief, made of their countries armed camps, impelled the rest of Europe also to seek peace by preparing for war, and brought on the worst war in human history.

Common-sense reasoning, as well as Europe's centuries of preparing for war and always getting war instead of peace, led our American forefathers to give up the exploded fallacy and to try a grand, new experiment.

Roger Williams, William Penn and the colonists of Rhode Island and Pennsylvania began it. Every American school boy and girl knows, and is proud of, their sensible, courageous and successful policy of dealing justly with the Indian tribes and refusing to prepare to fight them. The other English, French and Spanish colonists tried to preserve peace with their Indian neighbors by preparing to fight them, and got a very great deal of a terrible kind of war.

William Penn's "holy experiment" in Pennsylvania caused him to believe that Europe, too, could put an end to its perpetual warfare by giving up preparations for war, and by preparing for peace. Accordingly, in 1693, he published an "Essay on the Present and Future Peace of Europe," which pleaded with the European nations to establish a court by which they could settle their disputes in a peaceful, rational

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and civilized manner; and then, so that the court could succeed, to reduce their armaments and use them only for police-service within their own territories.

Europe could not make up its mind to try this experiment. But about a hundred years after Penn wrote his essay, the founders of the American Union decided to try it. After the War of the Revolution, there were thirteen independent republics on the Atlantic coast, and they faced the question: Must we prepare for war against one another, and look forward to repeating Europe's centuries of bloody warfare in this New World; or shall we try the great new experiment of preparing for peace and begin by disarmament?

Fortunately, wise, brave statesmen like Washington, Madison and Hamilton said: We will set up a Supreme Court to settle all disputes among the sovereign States of the Union and, to enable the court to succeed in doing this, we will put a clause in the Constitution forbidding the States to maintain armies and navies. The people of the States accepted both the court and disarmament, and the court has settled eighty-seven disputes which have arisen between or among the forty-eight States which now live in peace together beneath the American flag.

A court and disarmament were not provided for among the nations, however; and to this day, the nations have been fighting one another. The young republic of the United States itself, although it settled some disputes with Great Britain by the peaceful method of arbitration, fought another war with that country in 1812; and immediately after that war the Americans and the Canadians began to increase their gunboats on the Great Lakes. But wise statesmen of 1817, like Richard Rush, John Quincy Adams, and Lord Castlereagh, saw that this would lead to a very costly competition in preparing for war, and to an indefinite series of future wars between the Americans and their British cousins. They therefore made an agreement (the Rush-Bagot Agreement of

1818) to dismantle the gunboats on the Great Lakes, and to keep disarmed, through all the future, the land and water frontier between the United States and Canada. This frontier is now about 5,000 miles in length; is undefended by warship, fortress, gun or garrison, and we have not had another war with the British Empire for more than a hundred years! Meanwhile, we have had many disputes with Canada, and Great Britain; but all of them have been settled by the peaceful method of arbitration, to which the two nations were willing to resort because they had not prepared to fight each other.

Canada, the Central American Republics, Chile and Argentina have also tried the great American experiment of *disarmament plus arbitration*, and with noteworthy success. At the two Conferences at the Hague, in 1899 and 1907, arbitration among all nations was greatly strengthened by the establishment of an international court, which has settled by peaceful process eighteen disputes; but the nations could not agree to disarm. Unprecedented armaments continued to be built up, and the unparalleled war of 1914-18 naturally ensued.

The peoples fought the World War of 1914-18 with the avowed purpose of putting an end to war and preparation for war. But immediately after that war, three of the victorious allies, namely, the British Empire, The United States and Japan, found themselves engaged in a competitive increase of their navies and their naval bases in the Pacific Ocean. Again the American and British people said: We must put an end to this, or we shall soon be fighting each other, with Britain's Japanese allies joining in. The conference of Washington was therefore called in 1921-22 and the British and Japanese agreed to give up their alliance, while all three nations agreed to reduce and limit their battleships and naval bases, and to settle all future disputes in the Pacific and Far East by peaceful conference.

Again, at Geneva in 1927, these three powers tried to strike

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another blow at naval armaments; but this time, the admirals, instead of the people, controlled the conference and it naturally failed. Meanwhile, for several years, the League of Nations has been trying to reduce land armaments and other preparations for war, and it is still engaged on that task.

But meanwhile, also, gigantic and unprecedented preparations for another war have been going on among all the nations, our own included. The great American experiment of disarmament among the States of our Union has not yet been put into practice among the States of the World. And so the greatest, most important question of our time is this: Will Young America and the Youth of all the world put an end to armaments before armaments put an end to civilization and to all that makes human life worth living?

AMERICAN EXPERIMENTS IN ARBITRATION

WILLIAM I. HULL

THE modern history of arbitration of disputes between nations begins with the Jay Treaty of 1795 which referred three serious disputes between the United States and Great Britain to this form of peaceful settlement. The disputes which led up to the War of 1812 between the two nations might readily have been settled by peaceful process; but the "war hawks" in both nations demanded settlement by the sword, and an inconclusive war was fought. At the end of the war, the Treaty of Ghent referred three more disputes to arbitration; and since that time, arbitration or some other form of peaceful settlement has entirely replaced war between the two English-speaking peoples.

There have been, during the past century, many disputes between them which have had to be referred to arbitration, and some of these have been of very grave importance. Among them were disputes over fugitive slaves, the Canadian and Alaskan boundaries, damages to life and property, rights of fishing off the Banks of Newfoundland and of sealing off the Alaskan coast, the navigation of rivers, the destruction of the American merchant-marine during the Civil War, and the boundaries and financial obligations of Latin-American republics.

Two of these, the Geneva and the Venezuela arbitrations, were of epoch-making importance. The Geneva Arbitration, in 1871-72, settled peacefully and effectively four disputes which arose between the United States and Great Britain during the Civil War, when the British were accused of unfairly helping the Southern Confederacy; and, added to this war bitterness, was the claim made by Great Britain that the

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disputes involved her national honor, and by the United States that they involved the vital interests of the American people. But despite these great and almost insuperable obstacles, the arbitration was successfully held, and the result gave a great stimulus to the adoption of arbitration by all the world.

The dispute between the United States and Great Britain, in 1895, in regard to the rightful boundary line between Venezuela and British Guiana, involved the ownership of millions of acres of land which included gold mines, and involved also the validity of America's most cherished foreign policy, namely, the Monroe Doctrine. The two governments were so intent upon asserting their respective claims that they came to the very verge of war. But the British and American people realized that another war between them would break the peaceful precedent of four score years and would be an appalling tragedy; they therefore insisted that the dispute should be referred to arbitration. Arbitration was resorted to, and was completely successful; once more the clouds of war rolled away before the sun of peaceful settlement.

The United States has resorted to arbitration many times, also, with France, Spain, Mexico and other countries in both the Old World and the New, and has settled by means of it more than seventy disputes. The other nations have followed the American and British example, and about 250 international disputes have been settled by some form of arbitration during the last 125 years. But, unfortunately, wars and preparations for war have also been almost continuously going on during the century and a quarter, and the great question of modern statesmanship is: How can we make arbitration take entirely the place of war, or threats of and preparations for it?

Some very promising attempts have been made in recent years to strengthen arbitration at the expense of its rival, war. At the first Hague Conference, in 1899, it was decided

by the twenty-six governments represented there to establish a court of arbitration at The Hague, which should be always ready for use. This court has settled eighteen disputes between nations, our own republic and all the other "great powers", as well as several smaller ones, having stood before it.

In 1907, at the second Hague Conference, an attempt was made by the forty-five nations represented to establish a more perfect court,—a court of *justice*; but this attempt was not then successful. Since the World War, with the aid of the League of Nations, an international court of justice was established at The Hague, and it has already decided a half-dozen cases. Our own government has not yet become a member of this second court, although it can take its disputes before it, should it so desire. A relatively small obstacle has stood in the way of our becoming a regular member of this court; and within a few years, this obstacle should and doubtless will be overcome. Our American ideals and practice, from the establishment of our own Supreme Court for the settlement of disputes between the sovereign States of the Union, all the way down through our dealings with other nations, make it most appropriate and incumbent upon us to join with the rest of the world in this great court for all the world.

One most encouraging thing about arbitration is that scarcely one of the hundreds of decisions rendered by it has ever been resisted. It is so fair, and honorable, and efficient, so firmly based on the enlightened self-interest and the sense of justice inherent in all men and nations, that it does not need means of enforcement; to be successful, it needs only to be tried. The great difficulty has been, and still is, to induce the nations to try it in case of *every* dispute between them.

One way of overcoming this difficulty is to permit any *one* nation involved in a dispute to take the dispute to the court of arbitration or the court of justice, without waiting for the

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consent of the opposing nation. This is the means by which we have made it possible to bring every dispute between our States before the Supreme Court at Washington; and this is the means which is already being used by some of the nations (including Germany) to bring all their disputes before the International Court at The Hague.

Let America strive to make this great American experiment of "all-in arbitration" triumphant on the world-stage, and thus help enormously to do away with war among the nations as well as among the sovereign States of our own favored Republic.

AMERICAN EXPERIMENTS IN COOPERATION (PAN-AMERICANISM)

WILLIAM I. HULL

WHEN the American Colonies were under the rule of England, France, Spain and Holland, they were led into more than a half-dozen wars which their mother-countries fought with one another. Just after the thirteen States gained their independence and formed the Union, another terrible war, that of the French Revolution and Napoleon, involved all Europe for a quarter-century. On the threshold of this war, President Washington appealed to his fellow-countrymen to maintain neutrality in it, and to cease to take part in any more wars in which the Old World might become engaged.

Just thirty years after Washington's Neutrality Proclamation of 1793, another President proclaimed the Monroe Doctrine, which warned the Old World governments to give up colonization in the Americas and not to intervene in the political affairs of the new American Republics. From this time, the New World became more and more absorbed in the great task of taming its two wild continents to the uses of civilized life, and turned its back more and more upon Europe.

But soon after the Monroe Doctrine was issued, a great statesman of South America, Simon Bolivar, invited a congress of all the American Republics to meet at the city of Panama to discuss means of cooperation among them for the maintenance of their independence and the promotion of their neutral peace, trade and progress. The delegates appointed by the United States to attend this congress did not arrive at Panama until after the congress had adjourned, and the congress itself met with failure.

Several other attempts at American Cooperation were made,

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between 1826 and 1889, with small success. But in this latter year, the United States under the leadership of its Secretary of State, James G. Blaine, invited its sister-republics to meet at Washington in what is known as the first Pan-American Conference. This conference developed arbitration as a peaceful means of settling disputes, and established the Bureau of American Republics to act as its agent during the years when the conferences are not in session.

Six of these Pan-American Conferences have been held, the last of them in Havana, in February, 1928. Mexico, Brazil, Argentine, and Chile, as well as the United States and Cuba, have been hostesses of the conference; and an American citizen has given a beautiful building in Washington to serve as the home of the Pan-American Union. This union and its conferences, as well as other scientific, commercial and legal conferences, have promoted trade and transportation, health, literature and education, as well as peace and friendship, among the twenty-one republics in our Western Hemisphere.

But in spite of this rich development of Pan-American co-operation, the United States continued alone to champion the rights of the New World against Old World aggression, and also to intervene in the domestic affairs of some of the smaller republics when civil war threatened the existence of law and order and the safety of the lives and property of foreigners residing in them. This naturally caused a great deal of jealousy and fear on the part of the other republics towards the United States, whom they looked upon as "the Giant of the North". They gratefully acknowledged the aid which we had rendered them; but they also felt that we had inflicted grave injuries upon them.

President Roosevelt, especially after he had acquired a part of the Isthmus of Panama for the building of the Panama Canal, realized that special efforts must be made to reassure our American neighbors as to our peaceful and friendly intentions towards them. He and President Taft, therefore,

took special pains; the first by sending our great secretary of state, Elihu Root, and the second by going himself, to visit them and to assure them of our sincere desire for their peace and welfare. President Coolidge, too, made a visit to the sixth Pan-American Conference in Havana for the same purpose.

President Wilson, although he intervened like his predecessors in the governmental affairs of some of the West Indian and Central American republics, solemnly promised the Latin-Americans at a commercial conference held in Mobile, Alabama, that we would never again take another foot of their territory by conquest. He also agreed to pay Colombia the sum of \$25,000,000 in compensation for the Panama Canal Zone; but the United States Senate refused to ratify the agreement.

And still the great question remained, shall the United States continue alone to intervene in the affairs of the other republics for any purpose whatsoever, or shall the other republics cooperate in this difficult and delicate task? President Wilson began to answer this question by inviting, first, the A. B. C. powers, (Argentina, Brazil, and Chile) and then also the B. U. G. powers, (Bolivia, Uruguay and Guatemala) to cooperate with the United States in restoring law and order in the republic of Mexico. This cooperation was only temporarily successful, and President Wilson's two successors have not followed the precedent set by him.

Meanwhile, during the Nineteenth Century, the New World's commercial and cultural ties with the Old World were becoming almost daily more numerous and stronger; and the United States especially had cooperated with it in suppressing the slave-trade, combatting disease, and promoting in many ways the welfare of all humanity. So close and strong were these ties that most of the American republics were drawn into the European War of 1914-18. At the end of this war, President Wilson frankly proposed that not only

all America, but all the World, should cooperate in many ways with all the rest of the world.

The great question then, which must be decided in the future is: Can the United States cooperate in *every* way with Latin America and all the rest of the world, without at the same time going to war, or promising to go to war, to coerce by military or economic force either our American neighbors or any other nation?

WORLD-WIDE COOPERATION

(THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS)

WILLIAM I. HULL

THE ancient Roman Empire succeeded for a time in uniting under a single government a large part of the civilized world. When this empire fell, because of its own internal weakness and attacks by barbarians from without, a half-dozen new, independent states took its place in Western Europe.

These states were nominally united under new German emperors and the pope. But they remained in reality hostile rivals and engaged in long and numerous wars with one another. Finally, at the end of the Thirty Years War, which was one of the most terrible wars ever fought, the states of Western Europe realized that they had a common heritage in the civilization which had been handed down to them from ancient Greece and Rome. They realized also that their constant warfare was very destructive of this civilization and was wholly at variance with the Christianity which they professed.

Under the influence of these reflections, and persuaded also by a great writer, Hugo Grotius of Holland, they agreed at the Peace of Westphalia in 1648, which ended the Thirty Years War, that they were members of a single family of nations, and that as such they all possessed common rights and duties which each of them was bound to respect.

During the two centuries and a half which followed, this ideal was far from being realized; but it was never quite lost to sight; and with the beginning of the modern history of arbitration, a way was found other than war for the settlement of their disputes. So successful was arbitration as a peace-maker that in 1899 twenty-six of the states which were

members of the family of nations at that time met at The Hague and agreed to establish a court of arbitration to be always ready to settle disputes by peaceful means. Forty-five of them met again at The Hague in 1907 and developed other means of peaceful settlement. These means were used successfully a score of times in the years before the World War; but the nations continued to build up armaments in preparation for war, and in 1914 the worst of all wars burst upon the world and threatened by its destructiveness and fury to destroy the family of nations and civilization itself.

During and after the war, all thoughtful people saw that war must be outlawed, that is to say, it must be entirely done away with and its place taken by more rational and more righteous means of securing justice and promoting the progress of civilization. Accordingly at the Peace Conference of 1919, it was agreed that the family of nations should be drawn more closely together into a League of Nations, the two objects of which should be the preservation of the peace and world-wide cooperation in promoting progress of every kind among all the people on earth.

Geneva, Switzerland, the birth-place of the Red Cross, was chosen as the seat of the League; and here have met from time to time since 1920 the League's Council, Assembly and Commissions, while its Secretariat has been in continuous session and has just decided to keep its doors open day and night for instant use. A second international court of *justice* has also been set up at The Hague; and the peaceful means of adjudication, arbitration, conciliation and commissions of inquiry have been earnestly urged upon the nations instead of war. As soon as the next necessary step is taken, that is, the abolition of armies and navies and the maintenance of genuine police forces for exclusively national purposes, and not for use between nations at all, the establishment of peace will be placed upon a solid basis.

With the development of this great new machinery of peace,

and with the abolition of the old destructive machinery of war, there must prevail a new spirit of friendship and mutual helpfulness among all nations. This spirit has received great impulse in the past sixty years, during which scores of international conferences and bureaus have entered upon world cooperation in the scientific, economic and humanitarian tasks of the world. The League of Nations has taken over most of this international cooperation, and its many commissions are binding the whole world together in fighting disease and vice, in promoting health and industry and education, and in causing men to realize that they are in truth, brothers.

Our American Republic has not entered into all of the activities of the League, or become a regular member of it; but it has cooperated loyally for many years, and is still performing a large share, in the great humanitarian and scientific tasks which the whole world must work together to achieve.

Among these tasks is the sending of letters and other kinds of mail, with one country's stamps upon them, to the farthest nooks and corners of the earth. The Universal Postal Union, which was founded in 1874, performs this difficult and beneficent service for all the countries in the world. The League of Nations has not taken over this service, but it has appointed commissions for the suppression of the opium habit, epidemics of sleeping sickness, malaria, typhus and other fevers, and the white slave trade (or traffic in women and children). It has aided the financial and industrial reconstruction of Austria and Hungary, mitigated the sufferings of many thousands of war-refugees, and endeavored to protect such minorities as the Germans, Bulgars, Greeks, Hungarians, Poles and Jews from nationalistic oppression.

One of the most interesting and useful tasks is that of its commission on Intellectual Cooperation, which strives by a variety of ingenious methods to eliminate false notions about foreigners and to place the system of education in every land

upon the basis of truth and mutual understanding. This spirit that animates this commission in a peculiar way is expressed by our American poet, Longfellow, in the words:

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals and forts.

THE BOXER INDEMNITY

JANET PAYNE WHITNEY

THE military theory of power is that a display of force has an advantage in itself. The sight of a big navy or army is a warning to would-be aggressors, and any ill-treatment of one's nationals in foreign parts is best dealt with by severe punishment. Such punishment is often out of all proportion to the offence, even in the eyes of those who inflict it, but is regarded as having a good result in the long run because it creates a feeling of fear in the countries which suffer it and other countries which observe it. "Let us be careful to protect these white men on all occasions, or see what will happen to us!"

"A notable example of this sort of thing was seen in China in 1897, when Germany, to punish the Chinese for the murder of two German missionaries, seized the port of Kiao-Chow on the Shantung peninsula and obtained large mining, trading, and railway privileges in the rich Shantung province. Great Britain, France and Russia at once pushed in with equal claims for concessions in the Yang-tse-Kiang, the Kwang-Chow Wan and the Liao-tung regions respectively. The Chinese were not strong enough to resist, and the policy of display of force seemed justified by excellent results to those who practised it.

But who ever arouses fear and depends upon fear for his power, also arouses hate. The only safe government is that which rules with the consent of the governed.

The hate aroused in the peace-loving and highly civilized Chinese by the aggression of the Western nations was deep and wide spread. The missionaries were included in it, as they were foreigners. They were religiously aggressive, and

their manners and customs were different from those of the Chinese and therefore open to suspicion. Individual missionaries none the less were loved by their immediate neighbors, and were saved from violence by them when the time of danger came. This danger, the outcome of fear and hate, did not long tarry. Secret societies were rapidly formed all over China to express the anti-foreign feeling, the chief of which is known to history as the Society of Boxers. The aim of this society was to drive all foreigners out of China, good, bad and indifferent, and close China once more to foreign entry as in the old days of the Manchu dynasty. The hot young bloods soon translated this into the war-cry "Exterminate the foreigners" being anxious to profit by the lessons they had received in the display of force. The popular support to this movement was so great that the Boxers were soon drilling openly, in spite of foreign official remonstrance, and in the spring of 1900 they made a terrible attempt to translate the words of their war-cry into literal fact. Hundreds of foreigners were massacred, as well as Chinese who professed the foreigner's religion of Christianity. Bridges were torn up, railways destroyed, villages burned, and the victorious Boxers, marching on Peking, besieged the Legations. The Imperial Chinese troops came out openly on the side of the Boxers. The German Ambassador was shot, and the foreign envoys all gathered together in the British Legation. Here they were besieged for two months, at the end of which time inevitable retribution fell upon the Chinese at the hands of a large allied army of relief, which, under the leadership of a German and an English general, captured Peking. The loot of Peking by the allied troops compares well in honor with the sack of any city in ancient or modern times.

If the terms imposed upon the Chinese for the murder of two foreigners in 1897 had been severe, one can imagine the severity of the terms imposed in 1900 by the joint allies for the murder of many foreigners and the combined insult to

their embassies. The present anti-foreign troubles in China are largely a result of the extraordinary exactions of the Peking protocol. A huge money indemnity was one of the features of this agreement. Once more the iron hand of military punishment was pressing out of China its meed of fear and hate. At this moment, when anti-foreign feeling was at its height, and the despairing Chinese felt themselves powerless against the united enmity of the west, America made a startling demonstration of the power of a friendly act.

As one of the besieged Legations, America had her due share of the money indemnity, but looking from the height of her prosperity at ruined China, her governors were moved by an impulse of pity and generosity, very uncommon in governors. Under President Roosevelt's direction, the whole of America's share of the indemnity was returned to China. When this news was announced in the Chinese Legislature, a Chinese nobleman of power, electrified into the natural desire to meet generosity with generosity, arose and proposed that the returned indemnity should be spent by the Chinese government in educating Chinese students in American colleges. And that is what is being done.

This is one of the demonstrations of history that to return evil for evil produces more evil, but to return good for evil produces good.

EACH NATION'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE WORLD ¹

FANNIE FERN ANDREWS

THE world would not be as it is to-day if all peoples, those who have been and those who are, had not given to it of their own thought, products, and inventions. Some people speak of American civilization or European civilization as if they were distinct things, but each has borrowed so much from the other and from the Orient that there is really only one type. Our civilization practically dates from the days when Greece became a great country several centuries before Christ. The Romans learned what the Greeks knew and added many important things that they themselves invented or worked out. The total of these is what is called Roman civilization, and Europe received that legacy of knowledge from Rome, adding to it all the while. America profited by all that Europe knew and has added its share. In past days these increases of knowledge traveled very slowly, but that is no longer true. A great discovery in China will be described in the newspapers the morning after it is announced in Peking, and within a very short time the whole world can make use of it.

The various inventions which have contributed to the progress of the world have been the gifts of many nations. From an Egyptian came the idea of the alphabet. The Phoenicians, who were great travelers, picked up this knowledge from the Egyptians and carried it to the Greeks. The Romans learned the alphabet from the Greeks, changed it somewhat, used it themselves, and passed it down to us of this day. It was the Egyptians who first learned to make paper from a plant called papyrus, from which it took its name. This being very expensive, there arose a demand in the Middle Ages for

¹ Reprinted from "A Course in Citizenship," Houghton Mifflin Company.

cheaper methods of manufacturing books. This demand was met by a kind of paper, which had been known in China as early as 123 B.C. and which was introduced into Europe by the Arabs in 712 A.D. Printing was known to the Chinese as early as 1100 A.D., but was independently invented in Europe about 1450, which is the date of the first book which was printed, a copy of the whole Bible, by John Gutenberg, of Mainz, Germany. To Germany is given credit for the European invention of printing by the movable types. In the early part of the nineteenth century printing was mostly done by hand, but in 1814 the London Times invented a piece of machinery which made it possible to print one thousand papers an hour. In 1848, the Walter press, which printed from a roll of paper rather than single sheets, was set up in the Times office and produced ten thousand papers an hour. Robert Hoe, an American, improved this idea until now one hundred and fifty thousand newspapers can be printed in one hour. Preparing type for printing was much facilitated by an invention of a German-American watchmaker, named Ottmar Mergenthaler. He came to this country and began working on a plan for a machine which would arrange type in words. His machine is called a linotype, because it assembles pieces of type in a line and then casts a solid piece of metal impressed with their forms. This and other machines have made possible the vast amount of printing which is now done and which renders all knowledge available even to the poorest.

The compass, which enabled the Spanish, Italians, English, and Portuguese to make their discoveries of new lands, was probably first used by a Chinese king about 2000 B.C. and was brought to the attention of Europe by an Italian in 1269 A.D. The invention of the steam engine can be traced, first, to a Frenchman, then to an Englishman, and finally to James Watts, the Scotchman; while steam navigation owes its first start to the American, Robert Fulton, although it remained

for the Swedish-American, John Ericsson, to put into use the screw propeller, making possible the great liners of to-day which contribute powerfully to encourage travel and thus to foster the friendship of nations. We might mention also the steam locomotive, invented by the Englishman, George Stephenson; the cotton-gin, invented by the American, Eli Whitney; the telegraph, first brought into use by the American, Samuel F. B. Morse; the telephone, first rudely constructed by a German, but put into practical use by the American, Alexander Graham Bell; and the wireless telegraph, perfected by the young Italian, William Marconi. And if we should study the progress of electricity, we should find that its development is due to many nations. America, England, Germany, France, Italy, Austria, and Russia have all contributed; in fact, all the European nations have helped to make electricity the servant of man which it is to-day. All this shows how the world to-day is a scientific unit and how the investigations of a man in one country contribute to the good of mankind in all countries.

THE PARIS PEACE PACT

JOHN O'H. HARTE

IN THE Clock Hall, on the Quai d'Orsay, Paris, forty cameras were clicking, color picture machines were working, and microphones were gathering the sounds and broadcasting them throughout Europe and other continents. Talking movie cameras were present also, with their bright lights flooding the Hall, and transforming it into a veritable movie studio. Ushers were clad in blue and gold-trimmed coats, red velvet breeches and white stockings. Outside, flags of all the nations were waving in the summer breeze, including the sickle and hammer design of the Soviet Republic.

In the Hall, with a voice trembling with emotion, Aristide Briand, French Foreign Minister, was speaking. "For the first time," he said, "in the face of the whole world through a solemn covenant involving the honor of great nations, all of which have behind them a heavy past of political conflict, war is renounced as an instrument of national policy."

War to be abolished! Soldiers to be no more! Impossible! But, as if to give weight to his words, the Republican guards that kept the interested Parisian crowds in order, wore no rattling sabres or plumed hats, but carried, instead, sheathed pistols. They were soldiers, it is true, but shorn of their military display they were helping in peaceful, and peacetime, police duties. A visitor to Paris might well have thought that war was to be no more.

What was it all about, and why the display? Why all the flags, the excitement, and why were so many foreign statesmen in the French capital? Let us explain, very briefly, the reason for this.

It was Monday, August 27th, 1928. The great nations of the world had decided to sign a treaty in which they would promise never to go to war with one another again.

Mr. Briand, the French Foreign Minister, and Mr. Frank B. Kellogg, the American Secretary of State, had written many notes to each other so that this treaty might become a real fact. They had overcome many difficulties and had invited thirteen other nations to join them in signing the treaty.

The world is large, and it has many nations, and if all those nations were to have a hand in the writing of the treaty, it would be a long time before they would reach an agreement, and a longer time until the treaty would be signed. Because of this, it was agreed that some few nations should sign first, and then that the other nations of the world would be invited to sign afterwards.

The fifteen nations who came to Paris to sign the treaty were: Germany, United States of America, Belgium, France, Great Britain and Northern Ireland and the British colonies not members of the League of Nations, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Union of South Africa, Irish Free State, India, Italy, Japan, Poland, and Czechoslovakia.

History shows that many wars have been fought by nations. As more and more inventions came into being, wars became more and more terrible; the loss of life reached higher and higher figures, towns, ships and countrysides were destroyed with thousands of people who never fought. The last war showed that any next war, on a big scale, would destroy civilization itself. So that this would not be, the nations agreed to sign a treaty making war illegal.

Although the Pact of Paris—as the new treaty is called—forbids the nations going to war against each other, the Pact will only remain alive and be of real value so long as the people support it.

The important thing about the Pact of Paris is that it was

made possible only because the people of the countries desired peace: Because business-men wanted peace if they were going to trade with other countries. If artists were to go abroad and study in Rome, Venice and Paris, they knew that they could not do so if submarines were laying in wait to sink their ships. If tourists wanted to see Paris and London, and Germany, during their summer months, they knew that they could not do so if these nations were fighting. And many of the people remembered other things: of black bread during the war, of no sugar and no candies; of going home early and putting out their lights early. They decided that peace must endure, and it was this spirit that gave birth to the Pact of Paris.

So, with the will of the people behind him, Mr. Kellogg packed his bags, took Mrs. Kellogg with him on the French liner, *Ile de France*, and sailed across to Paris. When he landed in France he was presented with a gold pen, nearly a foot long, a half inch in diameter and surmounted by a turquoise. It had his initials engraved on it, and also an inscription *Si Vis Pacem Par Pacem* (If you wish for Peace, prepare for Peace). This was just what Kellogg was doing. He wanted Peace and he went to Paris to meet Mr. Briand (of France), Dr. Stresemann (of Germany), Lord Cushendun (of England), and other prominent men, to sign a Treaty that would prepare the world for peace.

That is why Paris was gaily decorated on Monday, August 27th, 1928. It is a day that will receive mention in all history books of the future. It marks the beginning of an active effort towards World Peace by all the nations.

THE WORLD A MARKET PLACE

JOHN O'H. HARTE

THE history of Man is not altogether a history of battles and wars, nor is it altogether a history of political events. These events are, rather, results of economic causes that have throughout history revolutionized the World.

Man has always bartered, when possible. It has not been possible for him to create all things that he desired, and needed. The country that he lives in will not grow things that other countries yield; or he, himself, will not be skillful in creating goods that his neighbors manufacture. Thus, when tradesmen pass his way, and show their goods, he finds things that will be useful to him and that he cannot hope to create. He, therefore, exchanges some of his corn for the article he desires. If he exchanges his corn for a plough he will be able to plough more land than was before possible. On account of this he will have more corn to exchange for other goods when the tradesman comes around next harvest.

Without rapid transit, and without seaworthy vessels, man travelled slowly and with great difficulty. His trade was restricted to his fellow-countrymen almost altogether, and he seldom saw strange and foreign faces.

With the invention of the steam-engine all this was changed. Iron roads were laid over the countryside. Men came from the north and sold goods to men of the south; men from the east met men of the west, and exchanged their goods for other goods. With the construction of the locomotive, the expansion of the iron road over the countryside, and the building of great iron steamships, foreigners were no longer to be regarded as foreigners, but as fellow-traders.

With this exchange of men and goods between countries it

became apparent that some countries were better suited than others to producing certain articles. England, because of the quantity and the proximity of her coal fields to the iron ore, forged ahead as a great industrial country; manufacturing articles for the whole world, and, despite the entrance of other countries into this industrial field, she still maintains large foreign markets because of her experience and the quality of her goods.

Canada and the United States, with vast prairies, cultivated wheat and corn. Because of the climate and the cheapness and vastness of these new lands, it was possible to produce crops at less cost than these same crops were produced in small European countries, which were handicapped with expensive lands and the division of the countryside into small farms.

Some nations, such as the United States, are able to manufacture goods as well as to farm satisfactorily. This is because of their vastness, their climate, and the present comparative smallness of their population. But even with the diversified climate of the United States, it cannot produce all the articles that it needs. The automobile industry, which manufactures for all the world, is entirely dependent upon foreign nations for its rubber supply, and the small republic of Liberia, on the west coast of Africa, is now being developed by an American rubber corporation so that our automobiles may have sufficient rubber at their disposal.

California supplies the world with oranges, pears, prunes, apples, and other fruits. This is again possible because of the climate. The Mississippi Basin sends to England cotton, in tremendous bulk, in order to feed the cotton mills around Manchester. It is sent to Manchester because the climate is favorable to the spinning of the cotton.

Thus the world becomes a market place. No longer do we think of the Chinese as ignorant foreigners; no longer do we say that the Africans are an abomination on the face of the

earth. We now think ourselves very fortunate in having these people. They supply us with ivory, rubber, oils, tea, rice, and many other things. We supply them with machinery, to develop their countries, with corn, petroleum and other articles. A nation cannot exist without other nations to whom it may send its products, and receive other products in return.

Anything that hinders the exchange of goods will result in international loss, because of this dependence of one nation upon another. If Great Britain is unable to produce manufactured articles, the whole world feels the effect; when crops fail in Canada and the United States the whole world pays for the shortage in increased prices.

During the War all this was disarranged. The loss to the nations was so great that they have not yet recovered. In England and Germany there is great unemployment to-day. As the progress of the world continues, and as we continue to exchange our goods with other nations in increasing quantities, and thus become increasingly dependent upon other nations, any war will do untold harm to all. In the future, a Great War will inevitably ruin all nations, not so much in loss of mankind, as through economic loss and consequent starvation.

The World has become a market place. It is possible to continue as such only so long as there is peace and order; so long as the nations may exchange their goods without interference of any kind.

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